A Year's Wandering in Bible Lands

The red lines show the routes traveled by the author and his companions.

A YEAR'S WANDERING
IN
Bible Lands

BY

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"The Roots of Christian Teaching as Found in
the Old Testament."

ILLUSTRATED
with one hundred and forty-five views from photographs by the Author.

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To the Memory of my Mother

AT WHOSE KNEE I LEARNED TO LOVE THE BIBLE AND ITS LANDS

ERRATUM.

On page 217, lines 3 and 4, read: "Baal-zebub, (sometimes corrupted to Baal-zebul)," etc.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The writer went to Palestine with no thought of adding another to the books which are descriptive of that fascinating land. The letters which are contained in the following pages were written to his brothers and sisters in the stress of travel, teaching and archæological work. Some of them were written in a crowded tent by dim candle-light after fatiguing days in the saddle. Their only purpose was to convey to the family at home some conception of the scenes through which we were passing, and the impressions which those scenes were producing. At the earnest wish of those who first read the letters, they are, not without hesitation, offered to a wider circle of readers.

The writer desires to express his obligation to five gentlemen, who were companions in travel during various parts of the journey, for permitting him to reproduce in the following pages seventeen pictures which they were more successful than he in photographing. Eight of these he owes to Dr. Calvin G. Page, four to Dr. J. Warren Moulton, three to Mr. Elihu Grant, and one each to Dr. Hans H. Spoer and Mr. P[illegible]de Cesares.

[illegible]A.,
10th, 1[illegible]

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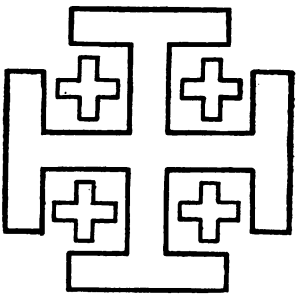


The Cross of Jerusalem

A Year's Wandering in Bible Lands.

I.

MONTREAL TO OXFORD.

OXFORD, ENGLAND, July 20th, 1902.

Up to the present moment we have thoroughly enjoyed our journey, notwithstanding the fact that there were certain events connected with our departure from America which seemed to portend for us a fate like that of the prophet Jonah. As you know, we went on board the Pretorian, at Montreal, on the evening of the 20th of June. By three o'clock the next morning that good ship was under way, and during the forenoon, under a drizzling rain, we meandered down the St. Lawrence toward Quebec, which we reached about two o'clock. Notwithstanding the rain, we went on shore and explored the citadel. The quaint old town and fortress were impressive in spite of the weather.

Between five and six we were under way again, floating onward toward the sea. At Montreal, on the previous night, our sleep had not been of the best, owing to the activity of the donkey engines. As soon, therefore, as it was dark, we began to think of sleep. Just as we were retiring, we heard the rudder-chains creak-

ing actively and the rushing of feet on deck, but thought nothing of it. We went to our berths and slept as though we were on land. Imagine our surprise in the morning, when we learned that the excitement we had heard was caused by the collision of our ship with a small schooner. The schooner had been so badly disabled that the Pretorian had to take off her crew. The Pretorian herself lost an anchor, but was otherwise uninjured. Rather than carry the ill-fated crew across the ocean, she turned back with them to Quebec, landed them there, and reported the matter to the authorities. We had left Quebec a second time about five a.m., and at the time when we arose were still nearer to the old Canadian capital than when we went to bed.

This was, however, not all. The rain had ceased; we were now floating down the river in a sickly sunshine. About ten a.m. a thick fog settled about us. As we were likely in the winding channel of the river to run aground, the captain tried to anchor, but something was the matter with the windlass by which the anchor was moved, so that a second anchor then went to the bottom. This left us with but one anchor on the ship. As the captain did not dare to approach the Mersey at Liverpool with but one anchor, it became necessary to put back to

Quebec a second time. After waiting a while for the fog to rise, we toiled all day against the current of the river, finally reaching Quebec again about five in the afternoon. By this time the weather was clear and we had a very beautiful view of the citadel and town in the evening sunlight. It was a picture never to be forgotten.

Having reached Quebec, it was a difficult matter to obtain an anchor and chain. The anchor was finally borrowed from a sister ship which had arrived from Liverpool during the day, but the captain was puzzled for a long time to find a suitable chain. At last one which had been lying for thirty-five years in the turf by the wharf was dug out and taken on board. After the end of it was found, the donkey engine had to be hitched to it to drag it out. As it came it looked like the resurrection of a great serpent. At last, about ten p.m., we left Quebec for the third and last time. Up to the present we have not been there since.

For the next two days we were in the lower St. Lawrence. Occasionally we caught glimpses of its beautiful banks, but the noble old Laurentian hills—the oldest, geologically, in America—by which the river is flanked, were covered with fog nearly all the time.

The voyage across the Atlantic was rendered

unpleasant by high winds, though we were in fog for five days; and the weather was cold. One night, in a thick fog, it was found by taking the temperature of the water that we were approaching icebergs, so the ship stopped and lay-to all night. From the deck of the ship we could occasionally hear the ice grinding in the distance.

During all these days our conversation was punctuated by the periodical tootings of the fog horn, as were also our dreams at night.

Among our fellow passengers there were a number of very pleasant people. One of these was Bishop Audrey, the Anglican Bishop of Tokio, Japan. During the week he was very genial, and joined in the games of the children and the other passengers on deck. On the two Sabbaths he preached helpfully.

On the 26th of June, the day set for King Edward's coronation, Bishop Audrey, who had, before he left Japan, received from the Archbishop of Canterbury the order of services for the coronation, conducted a coronation service on deck. It was a motley group which gathered around him from the steerage, second cabin and the saloon, but the Bishop carried through the ritual with great dignity, notwithstanding the interruptions of the fog horn. Six days later our ship touched at Moville, Ireland,

where we learned that the king was ill, and that no coronation had occurred in London.

During our passage along the north coast of Ireland the weather was clear, and we had a fine view nearly all day. That remarkable geologic formation, the Giants' Causeway, was very impressive. We also saw the Isle of Islay, a part of Scotland, in the distance, and toward evening we had a fine view of the Isle of Man.

On the morning of July 3d we awakened in Liverpool harbor, and soon after seven o'clock were on shore. During the morning we dispatched our heavy luggage to Syria by sea, and then looked around Liverpool a little. Liverpool is a sort of reciprocal sewer between the East and the West. Travelers and merchandise, clean and unclean, surge backward and forward through it with the regularity of the tides. To one not interested in trade, it is not an attractive place. We saw St. George's Hall and the Walker Museum of Art with some satisfaction, and took the one o'clock train to Windermere, to attend the Summer Settlement of the English Friends.

Windermere is in a very fascinating part of England. I had no idea that there were such mountains in England as one sees in this northwestern section of the island, which is called the Lake District. When in England before, we

saw nothing like it. The mountains are very bold and rise abruptly from the level portions of the country. Often the grass grows plentifully even upon their steep slopes, and this, together with the lakes which are interspersed, and with the purple hue of the atmosphere on fair days, and the grey tint on wet ones, gives it a beauty which is indescribable. I have never seen anything like it in America. I doubt if we have in any part of the United States the moisture necessary to produce such verdure.

Storrs Hall, where the Summer Settlement was held, is just on the edge of Lake Windermere, in a most beautiful spot. Each afternoon was free from lectures, and when it did not rain excursions were made in different directions. We went one afternoon to Grasmere, where the poet Wordsworth lived, and in the church of which he is buried. It is even more beautiful than Windermere. It justifies Wordsworth's description:

"Dear valley, having in thy face a smile
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou art pleased,
Pleased with thy crags and woody steeps, thy lake,
Its one green island and its winding shores;
The multitude of little rocky hills,
Thy church and cottages of mountain stone
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks
Like separated stars with clouds between."

One does not wonder that a lover of nature, such as Wordsworth was, loved the place.

The School at Windermere was very pleasant. About one hundred and twenty Friends were in attendance. English Friends are different from Friends in America, as the English people are different from Americans. We might learn much from them.

We left Windermere on July 10th, and after a short journey reached Ulverston. Swarthmore Hall, the residence of Judge Fell and his wife Margaret, is near this town. You will remember that George Fox used to go there and preach to the assembled family. Margaret Fell was much interested and became a Friend, but Judge Fell used to attend the meetings by sitting in another room, where he could hear without being seen. This represents Judge Fell's attitude toward the whole movement. After a while Judge Fell died; as you will remember, George Fox married Margaret Fell, and came to Swarthmore Hall to live.

The Hall is a quaint old building. Perhaps it was considered grand in the seventeenth century, but it is not when measured by our present standards. The best room upstairs is wainscoted with beautifully carved oak. It, at least, is very rich. It seemed the irony of fate that now that room should be occupied by the cap-

tain of a military regiment. Oh, shade of George Fox! It must be confessed, though, that his brilliant red uniforms looked well against the background of the old brown carved oak.

After two or three hours at Ulverston we continued our journey, via Leeds and York, to Scalby, near Scarborough, in Yorkshire. In the course of the day we had leisurely traveled quite across England, since Scarborough is on the east coast. At York we were joined by J. W. R., who had invited us to be his guests at Scalby. For two days he entertained us right royally. On the 11th, with our host for a guide, we visited Scarborough, which is beautifully situated on the shore of the German Ocean, on a high bluff which slopes down to the sea. A point of land, which has high steep shores, juts out into the sea at one place, and is surmounted by an old castle, built by King Stephen about the year 1100. The castle forms a most beautiful feature of the landscape. Here, for more than a year, George Fox was once imprisoned. The commander of the castle tried in every way to annoy him and compel him to betray himself by some unworthy action, but was at last compelled to say: "He is stiff as a tree and pure as a bell, for we could not move him."

We lunched that day with J. R., a member of the Society of Friends, who was formerly a

member of Parliament. He is a most interesting man. During the Boer war he stood so fearlessly for peace that some of the jingoes formed a mob to destroy some of his property. I think he lost about $10,000 in this way, but he did not complain or retaliate even by a lawsuit. Such conduct makes one think of the early Christians, who "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods."

On the morning of the 12th, in company with J. W. R., we returned to York. He showed us over the Rowntree Cocoa Works, which are very extensive. We saw confectionery of all sorts and in all forms in process of manufacture. It made one's mouth water to see the good things. J. W. R. is a member of the firm, but he did not offer us any to eat. The tempting morsels were ever before us in most alluring forms, but, like Tantalus, we could not partake. Imagine our surprise when we reached our room that night to find that J. W. R. had sent C. seven pounds of their choicest disturbers of digestion as a present!

The Rowntrees are very considerate employers. They provide all sorts of recreation grounds for their employees, and in various ways provide for the physical, intellectual and moral welfare of those who work for them. Social problems receive more attention in England than with us, and employers, as a rule, feel

more keenly the responsibilities of their position.

When we came out of the Cocoa Works, we found that J. W. R. had American flags up on either side of the great gateway, as though we had been most distinguished representatives of the Republic!

A friend of J. W. R.'s then showed us about York Minster, a most beautiful cathedral, which dates from about the year 1070, and is built on the site of a much older church. In the crypt we saw stone work which goes back to Saxon times. Our guide was very helpful, and with great clearness unfolded to us the mysteries of the various types of architecture—the Norman, Early English, the Decorated and the Perpendicular. He seemed so familiar with it all that C. finally said to him: "I should think you were Baedeker," whereupon he admitted that he did write the portion on York for Baedeker's "Great Britain." We were, you see, well cared for.

York was a town in the time of the Romans. The emperor Serverus died there, and in 306 A.D. Constantine the Great was proclaimed emperor there. It is a quaint old city. Its old walls and gateways, which are still maintained, are very interesting.

In the afternoon we went on a picnic which

had been arranged so that we might meet some of the Friends of York. Twenty or twenty-five embarked on steam launches, going first down the river Ouse to Bishopthorpe, the palace of the Archbishop of York, and then up stream to a point where we partook of a picnic supper. For this purpose we had anchored near a beautiful English mansion. The owner was very kind. He came down and invited us all to go up and see the gardens and lawns, taking some of us even into the house to see some paintings. English gardens and lawns are indeed most exquisite! The climate is so moist that they always look fresh and bright. The English make much more of them than we do. Even in the cities each family has its garden.

The next day was the Sabbath, and it was a very busy one. There is a large Friends' meeting in York. The Friends have two boarding schools there, one for boys and one for girls, and various adult schools besides. These latter are a peculiar institution of the English Friends. They are intended to help the working classes. They are conducted in all cases by people of greater wealth and social position than those whom they are intended to help, and are very successful. The English recognition of class distinctions seems to help on this work. Similar efforts in America have failed because

our workingmen refuse to be patronized, but these English schools are most useful. We attended and visited—on this particular day—all the meetings and schools that the day would hold. It was a day of religious dissipation. A. R. reported the next morning that I was guilty of eight public utterances during the day, and I think he was right.

At York we visited the house where John Woolman died. He was, you will remember, a good Friend from New Jersey, who, about the middle of the eighteenth century, lifted up his voice against slavery and all forms of oppression. He was a pioneer in many of the reforms which have since greatly helped the world. He had the courage of his convictions, and used to travel on foot, because men abused their horses so. While traveling in the ministry in England, he caught smallpox, and died at York. His Journal is a model of English religious composition, and has been praised by such men as Charles Lamb and John G. Whittier.

On the 14th and 15th we traveled southward through a country the civilization of which dates back to Roman times, and visited the cathedrals of Lincoln, Peterborough and Ely. These cathedrals are very different from one another, and very different from that of York. They are all very beautiful. Peterborough is a

Bishop Audrey Viewing the Irish Coast.

Windermere from Ambleside.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Peterborough Cathedral Close.

fine example of Norman architecture, while Ely possesses a remarkable octagonal tower, unique in cathedral architecture.

I am a Friend and believe in our Quaker simplicity of worship, but somehow when I go into one of these cathedrals, the towering architecture of which lifts the thoughts upward and suggests the majesty, dignity and beauty of holiness—shall I confess it?—I cannot regret that men have not always built plain meeting houses like ours! I cannot help thinking, too, that it must be an inspiration to live under the shadow of a great cathedral.

On the fifteenth we reached Cambridge, where we spent three days. Mr. G., a Fellow of St. John's College, whom we had met at Windermere, devoted himself to us, entertaining us at tea twice, and showing us the interior of libraries, dining halls, college kitchens, and of everything which we wished to see. I wish I could convey to you some idea of the beauty and charm of the place. The beauty of the buildings, like King's College chapel, the exquisite lawns, the grand effect of the fine aggregation of college buildings in this little city, must be seen in order to be appreciated. It is an inspiration, too, to see the places where such men as Milton, Newton, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Darwin were educated. While we

stayed we roamed about the buildings and lawns, floated on the Cam—not a lordly river when measured by American standards—and drank in all we could of the spirit of the place.

On the 18th we came over to Oxford, which is even more charming than Cambridge. It is, like Cambridge, a city of colleges, and Magdalen College, the Bodleian Library, Christ's Church College—Christ's Church is really Oxford Cathedral—and the gardens of St. John's College—to mention no more—are very beautiful.

At this time of the year most of the notables are away. Yesterday Professor G., of Mansfield College, entertained us at lunch, and to-day Professor Driver, who is Canon of Christ's Church and University Professor of Hebrew, entertained us at dinner. He lives in the beautiful old cloisters of Christ's Church College, which were built more than three hundred and fifty years ago. His dining hall is adorned with portraits of his Quaker ancestors—for he comes of Quaker stock—who looked not out of place in this ecclesiastical environment.

II.

FROM OXFORD TO PARIS.

PARIS, August 12th, 1902.

THE morning of the day we left Oxford was spent on the Thames. We rowed down the river to Iffley, where there is a most quaint and interesting old church, which was built in Norman times. We went in and found the aged rector reading morning prayers. As it was Monday morning, he had only his daughter for a congregation. It was a pathetic picture to see this white-haired man in an environment which belongs to the distant past, reading to his daughter as solemnly as though she were a multitude.

That afternoon we went to London, where we spent twelve days. While there I devoted a good part of my time to reading and study in the British Museum. That institution is a great treasure-house of antiquities and books. It is a privilege to be able to forage in it for a little time. While I toiled there, the other members of the party devoted themselves more to sight-seeing. On two occasions I was tempted out. One of these was for a visit to the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, the other was for a boat ride up the Thames to Richmond.

It was pleasant to meet in London a number

of our friends from America. Among these were Professor and Mrs. Lyon, of Harvard; Professor R. F. Harper, of the University of Chicago, and Professor and Mrs. Mitchell, of Boston. Professor and Mrs. Mitchell were on their way home from Jerusalem, where he had been doing the work which I am going out to do. They gave us much information about our future life and work, which will, no doubt, prove exceedingly useful to us.

Two or three incidents, which occurred while we were in London, are perhaps worth mentioning. We took tea one afternoon with Percy Bigland, a portrait painter, and an earnest Friend. His home and studio in Chelsea are next door to John Sargent's. Mr. Bigland and his wife are both charming people. Another evening Mr. Harvey, one of the Librarians of the British Museum, and an Oxford graduate, invited us to dine at the National Liberal Club, on the Victoria embankment. The table was spread on a terrace overlooking the river. It was very pleasant, even though the English atmosphere was a little damp. It was interesting to see prominent representatives of English liberalism moving about the place.

The next evening J. W. R. came up to London and went with the Medical Man and me to the Parliament Buildings. J. W. R. is well acquainted with J. B., one of the members of

Parliament, so he sent for him and presented to him the American visitors. Mr. B. was very cordial, and spent half an hour or more in exchanging ideas—or rather giving us his—on England and America, especially the latter. We talked for a while in the lobby of the House of Commons, and then strolled out into Westminster Hall, where Charles I. was tried and condemned, the walls of which were built by William Rufus, eight hundred years ago. Here we walked and talked till the bell rang for a division of the House. Mr. B. had then to go and vote. When this occurred he was in the middle of an interesting story. He remained with us long enough to finish his story, and then ran like a school boy who is in danger of being late. It was fun to see the feet of a member of Parliament twinkle so! Mr. B. is a man who has arisen from the working classes in London. He is a man of genial and forceful character, who still sometimes misplaces the letter *h*. His ideas are original and interesting, but so far as America is concerned not correct, I fancy. As he dealt largely in prophecy, however, I may not be a correct judge.

Two days later we went to the House of Commons again by appointment with Mr. B. He was to gain us admission to the gallery of the House to witness a session of Parliament. For

some reason—I have not yet learned what—Mr. B. was absent that day. While waiting for him in the lobby of the House we became chummy with a policeman who was on duty there. When this man found that our member was not there, he told us that, as we were Americans, probably we could gain the desired admission through one of the Irish members. Just then he pointed out to us Mr. O'Connell, the Whip of the Irish Party, who was passing. We thereupon made ourselves known to Mr. O'Connell, and presented to him our petition. He was very gracious, and through his efficient intercession we were soon seated in the gallery, looking down on the "Mother of Parliaments." We were glad that there were Irish in America!

Much to our regret the ladies of the party could not visit Parliament. The ladies' gallery is small, and application for admission has to be made far ahead. C. and M. had to forego the pleasure of a visit to this historic spot. The ladies' gallery is fenced off from the rest of the galleries by an elaborate lattice work. I suppose this was done so that the susceptible legislators would not have their minds distracted by visions of feminine beauty! We happened to sit opposite the ladies' gallery, and could see through this lattice, as through a fog, the indistinct outlines of feminine costumes and figures,

as the creatures imprisoned there strained their necks to see what was going on in the House below.

That afternoon the House was discussing the Education Bill. We saw and heard Mr. Balfour, the new Prime Minister; Mr. Chamberlain, the famous Colonial Secretary, prominent in the Boer War; Campbell-Bannerman, the leader of the Liberals; William Vernon Harcourt, the former leader of the Liberals; James Bryce, and many other men noted in current English politics and letters. It was an interesting afternoon. Feeling runs very high on this Education Bill. There was much sparring between the different sides, and much sharp-shooting. Altogether it was a very characteristic session. It was hard to realize that we were in the presence of the men who rule the British Empire.

On Saturday, August 2d, we left London for Canterbury, where we spent Sunday. J. will remember our hurried visit to Canterbury ten years ago. This time we saw more of it. It is an interesting place. Christianity was introduced into England here about 570 A.D. St. Martin's Church is built on the site where the Christian Church of that early time stood. A number of Roman bricks are still to be seen in its walls. In the church yard we were inter-

ested in the inscription above the grave of Dean Alford, "Deversorium viatoris Hierosolymam proficientis"—i.e., "The inn of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem." As we are bound for the earthly Jerusalem, it attracted us.

We enjoyed Canterbury Cathedral, both for its beauty and for its historic associations. Here the Archbishop, Thomas à Becket, was murdered in the reign of Henry II., in the great struggle between the secular and the ecclesiastical powers for the supremacy; here Stephen Langton, who wrested the Magna Charta from King John, and who made the present chapter divisions of our Bibles, had his seat as Archbishop; this, too, was the Archbishopric of Anselm, who first formulated the doctrine of the Atonement. We attended service in the cathedral on Sunday morning. Archbishop Temple, who last Saturday anointed and crowned King Edward, in Westminster Abbey, was present and took part in the service. Archbishop Temple is old and feeble. His sight seems to be failing. In reading a part of the service he omitted one of the commandments!

On the 4th we proceeded to France via Dover and Calais. The English Channel, famed for its disturbing influences upon travelers, was that day as calm as an inland lake. The fears of some

of our party were not realized. That night we stopped at Amiens and spent the next morning in the cathedral there. This cathedral is said to have the highest ceiling of any in the world, its distance above the floor being 147 feet. While in some respects very beautiful, it did not impress us as much as some of the English cathedrals.

That afternoon all of our party except myself went over to Rouen. I had accepted an invitation from a French Assyriologist to spend a night at his summer villa at Le Tréport sur Mer. I had never seen him, but we are interested in the same studies and knew each other's writings. Le Tréport is a little village on the Bay of Somme in the English Channel.

I found my host in a trim little villa, situated on a high bluff, which overlooks the town and the sea. He is a man of about thirty-five years, who was married about three years ago to an attractive French lady. They are people of some fortune and of much refinement. He is a fine scholar in his chosen field, old Babylonian. I had a most interesting evening with them, talking about Babylonia, France and America. It was an amusing triangular conversation. They talked French so rapidly that I could not understand it. Monsieur and I could converse in German, but this Madame could not understand.

Madame and I could talk in English, but then Monsieur could not understand. It was a polyglotic time. Occasionally we had to resort to Latin and Assyrian! It was most enjoyable, however, and I came away the next morning feeling that I had found good friends. It was good to sleep that night by the roar of the sea.

I spent the next morning traveling to Rouen to join C. and the others. After taking lunch, I had an hour in Rouen, to see the cathedral, the Church of St. Ouen, the Palais de Justice, and the tower where Joan of Arc was imprisoned and threatened with torture in 1431. The rest of the party had spent the morning seeing a great deal more, but I was glad to get a glimpse of this interesting and beautiful old town.

About half-past three we took train for Paris, ninety miles away. We arrived safely that evening, and have been here ever since. We board near the Jardin du Luxembourg.

Northern France, as we saw it in Normandy and Picardy, is an attractive country. Between Rouen and Paris the scenery is very beautiful. The railway follows the banks of the Seine nearly all the way, giving one a constant variety of pretty scenes.

In Paris we have given attention to some of the sights which always attract tourists, but I have been more interested in the antiquities in

the Louvre. A number of interesting objects have been added since I was here ten years ago.

I am much more impressed than on our former visit with the beauty of Paris. Its plan is the most artistic conception of a city which I have seen. London is a gigantic chaos. Paris, though large, is beautiful.

On Saturday morning we had a call from Father Scheil, a Dominican monk, who is an eminent Assyriologist. I had never met him before, but from our interest in the same study we were known to one another. He is a very genial man, and all our party were delighted with him. A splendid man physically, he was dressed when here in the black outdoor habit of the Dominicans. He is between forty-five and fifty years of age, is alert and charming.

At his invitation I called the next morning at the Monastery, where I found him clad in the long, white, indoor habit of these monks. He received me in his cell, and showed me a hundred or more curious old cuneiform tablets which a French expedition with which he is connected dug up last year at Susa, the Biblical Shushan. These tablets are written in a language not yet deciphered, and appear to contain accounts.

He also showed me the proof sheets of a very remarkable code of laws, which was discovered

at Susa, written on stone. They were inscribed by an old Babylonian king about 2250 B.C., a thousand years before Moses, and they curiously anticipate some of the provisions of the Pentateuchal code. Father S. will soon publish them, and they will surely attract the attention of the whole Christian world.

I also had the pleasure, the other day, of a call upon a French scholar who knows much of Palestine. I found him most kind. He made some valuable suggestions about our work in Jerusalem. He politely talked with me in English, and comforted me for some of the blunders I make when speaking a foreign language. For example, when I came away he said: "If I can serve you in other ways, I am to your dispositions."

South Transept, Church of St. Ouen, Rouen.

Jardin du Luxembourg, Paris.

In Strassburg.

One Horse Harnessed to a Pole.

III.

FROM PARIS TO VIENNA.

VIENNA, August 27th, 1902.

HERE we are at the capital of the Austrian Empire, about eleven hundred and eighty miles southeast of London. We left Paris, from whence I wrote to you last, shortly after noon on August 15th, traveling that afternoon on an excellent express train two hundred and twenty miles to Nancy, a quaint, simple, old French town, which we reached a little before six o'clock.

On this journey we rode through a beautiful, fertile and rolling country. French landscapes have a character of their own. The frequency of tall, straight, slim poplar trees lends an air of old-fashioned respectability to every view. It was harvest time in this region, and the golden grain and the varied groups of harvesters added to the beauty of the scenes.

At Nancy we found the Hôtel d'Angleterre very comfortable and clean, and after a good night four of us took a drive about the town. The Medical Man, who is a bacteriologist, preferred to visit a laboratory and learn how they propagate "bugs" over here. Our drive for four for an hour cost us just fifty cents. The

driver took us all about the little place and explained the various objects of interest very intelligently. He seemed happy in his work, and well satisfied with his reward. In America such a drive would have cost from two to three dollars.

Nancy was once a walled city. The gates still remain as they do at Quebec, and are very picturesque.

We left Nancy a little before two o'clock, and about three arrived at the German frontier. Here, according to European usage, we had to tumble out of the train, bag and baggage, and go to the custom house for an examination of our luggage. The examination was merely formal. They look for tobacco and spirits especially, and as we seemed innocent of these, we were easily disposed of. Here our watches had to be put forward an hour, for the railways east of this point run on Central European time. At half-past four, by the new time, we got into a German train and pursued our journey eastward.

Our ride here lay through the beautiful Alsatian mountains to Strassburg. The scenery through the mountains was very beautiful.

About six o'clock we arrived at Strassburg. The Victoria Hotel is near the station, but it proved to be noisy. Strassburg is an interesting

place, half German, half French. A striking feature of the feminine costume here is the huge Alsatian bows of ribbon which many of the peasant women wear instead of hats. Its beautiful cathedral was built in the thirteenth century. It is constructed of a reddish sandstone, and is very attractive and impressive.

On Sunday, the 17th, we reached the cathedral about half-past ten. High mass was over, so we looked about and absorbed some of the inspiration which a beautiful cathedral gives. The clock—the famous Strassburg clock—is in the south transept. You have all read about it, so I will not attempt to describe it. It is a marvelous piece of mechanism. How D. would have enjoyed it! Words can give you no idea of the beauty of the cathedral.

About eleven o'clock low mass began, so we got chairs and sat down with the congregation. There was no music. The priest was on a level with us, so we could neither see him nor hear him. We sat, accordingly, and enjoyed a silent Quaker meeting. It was really very impressive. God comes just as near in a beautiful cathedral as in a plain or ugly meeting house.

After our worship, we saw the clock strike twelve, when the figures of the Apostles came out and bowed to the figure of Christ, and a cock flapped his wings and crowed three times.

In the afternoon we visited the University, which is now quite deserted by students and faculty; and in the evening saw the cathedral by moonlight.

The next day we journeyed from Strassburg to Stuttgart. At Karlsruhe, in Baden, we were detained for an hour because the tender of a locomotive was overturned upon our track. Railway accidents, so common in America, are rare in Europe. I have never seen the slightest accident on this continent before. When once a train is thrown out of its right of way, the laws of nature, or of railways, affect it the same in Europe as they do on the other side of the Atlantic. Our hour of delay accordingly increased to considerably more before we reached Stuttgart, making our day a tedious one.

It was, notwithstanding, a beautiful journey. A part of the way we were riding parallel to the Rhine, with the noble hills of the Black Forest on our right. These conditions make scenery which is very fine, even if not of the highest grandeur. The whole country, too, was dotted with richly-laden harvest fields. The Germans have a way of sowing their fields in strips, which are frequently curved, so that each field adds distinctly to the attractiveness of the landscape.

We spent two nights at Stuttgart, using one day to get an impression of this modern city.

As J. will remember, the town nestles in among the hills in a most attractive way. It contains several fine public buildings. We wandered and drove about, endeavoring to absorb something of its beauty. In the afternoon we made a little excursion by rail to Mount Hasenberg, a point on the west of the city, on the railway line which leads over the mountains to Switzerland. Here we found ourselves about three hundred and fifty feet above Stuttgart, and enjoyed a fine view of the city and its public squares in the afternoon sunlight.

The next day, August 20th, we journeyed onward to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, traveling by an excellent express train.

We passed through Ulm and Augsburg. At the latter town the famous Augsburg Confession, written by Melanchthon, was adopted. Between Stuttgart and Ulm the line winds its way through the high lands and picturesque hills of Wurtemberg.

At Munich we remained until the 25th. It is a beautiful city, naturally and architecturally. It is situated, you will remember, on the "Iser rolling rapidly." Its picture galleries are among the most famous in Europe. The Bavarian monarchs, and the present Prince Regent, have done much to make their capital a center of all forms of art. The galleries are afflicted

with a plethora of Rubens' works. To one who, like me, does not admire the works of that painter, this does not seem an advantage.

The library at Munich contains a fine collection of MSS., which interested me much. There are also more than two million volumes of books in it. A member of the library staff was detailed to show me through it, who enjoyed pointing out books from America, such as the Statutes of the United States, the Albany Law Reports, and a book on Political Economy by Martin Van Buren.

A new theater has been built in Munich for the performance of Wagner's operas, and when we were there a cycle of these great works was being performed. We went and heard Tannhäuser, and it was a most interesting experience. To witness the presentation of a great artistic work with a religious and moral purpose is stimulating and uplifting.

On Sunday, the 24th, we attended the English Church and heard a good, simple sermon on Naaman, the Syrian. This sermon might have been delivered (in a different tone) in a Friends' meeting of thirty years ago.

When we left Munich, the next day, we parted from the Medical Man and M., who had been with us from Montreal. They turned back there to go down the Rhine, through Holland,

and home. We miss them much. From Munich we went to Linz, the capital of Upper Austria. This journey was in part the most beautiful railway ride we have had. Between Rosenheim and Salzburg we passed through a portion of the Tyrolese Alps, which are worn into peculiar shapes and are most picturesque. We passed the Chimsee, a lake eleven miles long, the water of which is of a beautiful tint. We were during a part of the forenoon in sight of two glaciers. One of these was the Great Glocke. It was a fine day and a new experience, and we enjoyed it much.

At Salzburg we came into Austrian territory, and the luggage had to be examined again. Here, however, the officers came into the carriage, as they do in America. It seemed wonderfully civilized!

We reached Linz soon after three o'clock, and established ourselves at a quaint little hotel overlooking the Danube. The view from our window was so fine that I photographed it before washing my hands. Later in the afternoon we took a drive through the quaint old town and along the bold, picturesque shore of the Danube.

At Linz we began to notice a more Roman Catholic, and also a more Oriental, coloring to life than we had seen before. Shrines of the Virgin and the Saviour were attached to many

houses in the town, and were erected on rocks along the Danube. This was the case, not only at Linz, but at various points all the way to Vienna. The spires and domes of the churches show what I suppose is Byzantine influence. They terminate in a peculiarly-shaped spire, which resembles in form the mitres of certain Oriental bishops.

Oxen are not yoked as with us, but are harnessed around the horns. All the carriages, even those for one horse (except here in Vienna, which is more cosmopolitan), have poles instead of shafts. They harness one horse to the nigh side of the pole and drive along most happily, quite unconscious that it is a most awkward proceeding. On one house in Linz we saw the sign, "Horse meat for sale." You see, therefore, that in this country you can find in the restaurants horse "a la carte"!

On the morning of the 26th we left by steamer on the Danube for Vienna, where we arrived about half-past six in the evening. It was a most beautiful sail. A large part of the way the scenery is as fine as anything on the Hudson or the Rhine. On the whole, I think it finer than either of the other rivers, for the area of beauty is much more extended. One passes through most fascinating scenery the greater part of the day. The ruins of old cas-

tles are frequently seen, and the last half of the way the hills are clothed with extensive vineyards. One of the most picturesque spots is Dürnstein. The name means "arid rock," and it is rightly named.

On a bold height here, overlooking the river, is an old castle, in which Richard Cœur de Lion, of England, was in the twelfth century imprisoned for a year. I tried to photograph it, but my picture proved a failure.

August 28th.—I did not succeed in finishing this yesterday. Since arriving in Vienna, we have seen something of the exterior of the city. It contains some very fine buildings. Next to Paris and Munich it is the finest city I have seen, and I think it is on the whole as beautiful as Munich, though C. does not agree with me. It is certainly more beautiful than London or Berlin. We have been in the cathedral, the Parliament Buildings and the Royal Palace. At the latter to-day we saw the crown jewels. With the possible exception of the crown jewels at Dresden, it is the finest collection which I have ever seen. It is one of the richest collections in Europe.

We go the day after to-morrow to Budapest.

IV.

VIENNA, BUDAPEST, BUCHAREST AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 11th, 1902.

SINCE I posted my last letter in Vienna, we have traveled about twelve hundred miles. It will be better to begin my narrative where the last one left off.

On the afternoon of the 28th ultimo we went up Mount Kahlenberg, near Vienna, by means of an inclined railway. From this eminence we obtained in one direction a fine view of Vienna, and in the other the valley of the Danube, above Vienna, lay spread out before us in great beauty. We certainly ought to be better for these opportunities of seeing the beauty of the world!

The next morning was spent in the great picture gallery of Vienna, which is one of the best in Europe. The paintings are historically arranged. It contains some remarkable paintings by Murillo, Velasquez and Guido Reni. We enjoyed the morning, but I brought away from none of the paintings the deep impression that the Sistine Madonna made on me some years ago. That afternoon we visited the suburban residence of the emperor at Schönbrunn. It

Maximilian's Votive Church, Vienna.

The Danube and Royal Palace, Budapest.

has at the back of it a garden in the French style of the eighteenth century. Box trees abound. They are planted near together, so that their branches intermingle, then these are trimmed into solid walls of green on either side of the paths. It produces a very striking effect. We enjoyed roaming about there. While resting on a bench we fell into conversation with an old servant of the palace, who was resting too. He told us something of the sorrows of the lonely old emperor, of whom he is very fond. The venerable monarch of Austria has had more than the ordinary share of sorrow!

The next forenoon we traveled on to Budapest, the capital of the kingdom of Hungary. The distance from Vienna is a little more than one hundred and sixty miles, and it took the express train five hours to cover it. We were now in a warmer region than any in which we had traveled before. We found, too, the people in the second-class carriages not so clean as in the west of Europe. These facts made the ride more tiresome.

After leaving Vienna our road ran through eastern Austria considerably south of the Danube. The country was flat and uninteresting. In about an hour we crossed the river Leitha, and were then on Hungarian soil. The country here was flat, too; the soil was rich and

black. The warm climate of Hungary is more like our American climate than that of western Europe, and we saw for the first time large fields of Indian corn growing. It has been introduced extensively into Hungary, and is one of their most important crops. Just before reaching Budapest we passed through a beautiful ridge of hills, which form at this point the western bank of the Danube; then we crossed the river and landed on the Pest side. Soon we were established at the Hotel Bristol, in rooms overlooking the Danube, with the beautiful hills of Buda and the royal palace opposite to us.

Here we began to realize more than ever before that we are really far from home. The Magyar, or Hungarian, language was imported from central Asia, and is most outlandish both in appearance and in sound. It is spelled usually in the Roman character, but the impossible combinations of consonants which it presents are most unpronounceable.

The United States Consul here was a fellow student of mine at Harvard some years ago, and was most kind to us. He speaks Magyar like a native, and aided us greatly in seeing the city. Budapest as it now exists has sprung up within the last fifty years. It is a thriving commercial town, with a population of more than half a million. The air of the place is modern and pushing—almost American.

We had the privilege of seeing something of the amusements of the peasants, who are of an excitable temperament, but simple-hearted and kindly. We walked through the splendid new palace to which the king-emperor comes once a year to live for a time in lonely state, to please his Hungarian subjects. They are a restless multitude and vex the soul of the lonely old man with many an insoluble problem. Another inclined railway took us to the top of Svabhergy, a hill from which we obtained a view of Budapest and its environs, similar to that of Vienna which we obtained from the Kahlenberg.

On the afternoon of September second we left Budapest for a ride of six hundred miles to Bucharest, the capital of the kingdom of Roumania. We traveled here as first-class passengers, and took a "wagon lits"—a European sleeping car. For a railway journey by night it was most comfortable. The European sleeping cars are much better than most of those in America. They are divided into state rooms, which run across the car, a narrow aisle running along the side. C. C. had the one next to us, and by day a door opened between, giving us a pleasant suite of rooms to ourselves.

Eastern Hungary reminds one of a western prairie. It must once have been an inland sea.

It is very level, and fields of corn and wheat stretch away on every side. The soil is as black as one would see in Iowa, and a peculiar breed of white cattle, whose horns are as broad as those of Texan steers, may be seen everywhere. At one of the stations we saw several carloads of them going, no doubt, to feed the people of Budapest or Vienna. Such were the scenes through which we passed on the afternoon of the second of September. They might have been witnessed in the west of our own country. After dark we passed through a thunder storm, the first we have seen since we left home.

13th. (On board the Steamship "Poseidon," bound for Athens).—I will now continue my story which was interrupted on the 11th.

On the morning of September 3d, a little after five o'clock, the train reached a town, called by the Germans Kronstadt, and by the Hungarians Brasso. I got up here to see the scenery. To the south of us the Transylvanian Alps arose, grand, beautiful, and, in the morning light, imposing, though not as beautiful as the Tyrolese Alps. Upon leaving Brasso the train turned southward and passed directly through the mountains into Roumania. The scenery here was very fine. The railway wound through a notch in the mountains, as beautiful as the Crawford Notch in New Hampshire.

Sometimes the views reminded me of glimpses of scenery one gets on the Lehigh Valley Railroad among the mountains of Pennsylvania.

Before half after six we arrived at Predeal, the frontier town of Roumania. Here a customs examiner came on board and examined our luggage even more mildly than the Austrians had done at Salzburg. Then we were obliged to go into the station for the examination of our passports. We two men went, leaving C. in her berth. We had to submit the passports to two different officers, and answer various questions. Noticing that mine was written for my wife as well as for myself the officer asked: "Wo ist die gnädige Frau?" (Where is the gracious lady?) When told, "In dem Schlafwagen," he seemed quite satisfied. The Roumanians are very strict about passports. They are determined not to permit more Jews to enter their country, and are bound to keep out Armenians also.

At Predeal we set our watches ahead an hour to Eastern European time, and at eight o'clock by the new time the train moved onward. For about an hour the fine Alpine scenery continued. Among the towns passed during this time was Senia, the summer residence of the Roumanian royal family. It is a charming mountain village.

About nine o'clock we passed out into a broad, flat plain, similar to the Hungarian plain which we had crossed during the previous afternoon. Here, again, we saw fields of Indian corn and grain, and the same breed of white cattle which we had seen in Hungary. There were, however, more Oriental elements in the scenes. The costumes of the peasants were especially noticeable. The men wore linen trousers, with a kind of blouse, which had a skirt reaching to the knees. This blouse is a most economical garment, as it serves as a shirt also. The whole suit probably costs not more than a dollar. Together with the cattle already mentioned, there was a different breed, black in color, with horns which lie flat against the head and slope backward.

About eleven o'clock we reached Bucharest, where we remained until the next afternoon. It is a city of mixed Western and Oriental characteristics, and is not very interesting. We stayed at the Hotel Bristol. Almost every city seems to have a Bristol hotel. It is a favorite name with which to attract English travelers.

The most striking thing on the streets of Bucharest was the costume of the cab drivers, though Greek priests and peasants added their bit of interest. The cab drivers wear long plush or velvet robes, reaching to the feet, fastened

at the waist with a sash. Some of them look like brigands and some like saints. Indeed, the best of them belong to a religious sect called by the Germans the "Lipowaner." In driving about Bucharest we noted with interest the residence of the Crown Prince, whose wife is the daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. This seemed to be a link to connect us with Canada. We were, perhaps, more interested in the palace of the king, for the Queen of Roumania is, under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," a writer of charming stories.

A little after four o'clock we left Bucharest for Constanza, a Roumanian port on the Black Sea. The country traversed in this ride resembled a prairie even more than the plains of Hungary. It is absolutely flat; its soil is dark and rich. Fields of Indian corn and grain, larger than any I have ever seen in our own West, greeted the eye on every side. Here and there tracts were given to grazing. There are very few houses, and these are clustered together as if for defence, so that much of the time one can look for miles without seeing a human habitation. During the ride we crossed the Danube, which here spreads out into several streams, separated by low-lying islands, which in turn are submerged a part of each year. The

bridge across these islands is about ten miles long.

We passed through this country at the harvest season, and in many of the fields steam threshers were at work. We gained quite a new idea of the fertility and resources of this little kingdom.

We reached Constanza about ten o'clock, and after passports had been again scrupulously examined, we went on board the little Roumanian steamer and went to bed. The ship was expected to start about eleven o'clock, but as the Orients Express, from western Europe, was late, it did not sail till about four the next morning.

The Black Sea is said to have been named because of the hard east and northeast storms which sweep over it in autumn and winter. On September 5th the day was bright, but the east wind was strong and the waves were high. Our little ship was running in the trough of the waves, and she rolled from side to side in a most depressing manner. In spite of discomfort, however, we could but admire the beautiful blue water of the sea. It was indescribably blue—almost as though it had been colored with cobalt.

Before two o'clock we had sighted the shores of Europe and Asia at the southern extremity

The Tower in Galata, Constantinople.

Stamboul and the Bridge, Constantinople.

of the Black Sea, and by three o'clock were in the Bosphorus. This was our first glimpse of Asia, and our emotions at the sight of this venerable continent must be experienced to be understood. The Bosphorus, charmingly blue and flanked on either side with grand hills, is marvelously beautiful.

At Constantinople a dragoman took us expeditiously through the custom house, where passports were again twice scrutinized, and soon conducted us to the Hôtel de Londres, which is situated in the part of Constantinople called Pera, overlooking the Golden Horn and old Constantinople, which the Turks have corrupted to Stamboul. Here we took a front room on the top floor, so as to enjoy the beautiful view all the time, and spent eight days.

How shall I give you an idea of Constantinople? It is indescribable! One is alternately charmed and disgusted beyond expression. The city has one of the most beautiful sites in the world, at the junction of the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora. It is built on hills, and from the water presents an unrivaled appearance. Its streets are badly paved, are crooked and dirty, and swarm with multitudinous races from the East and the West in nearly every conceivable costume. It is a vortex of humanity, in which eddies from nearly

every human sea mingle, or rather mix without mingling. The attitude of the government prevents progress and brings to the surface much that is repulsive. With us the maimed and the crippled are cared for in private; here they are exposed to view on every corner. Their hunched backs, deformed feet and maimed hands are thrust in your way at every turn with a demand for "backsheesh," or a gift. Many who are not deformed beg also. As one looks at what nature has done for the city, and what man has made of it, he could, were it not for the dogs, join heartily in the sentiment—

> "Every prospect pleases
> And only man is vile,"

but the dogs of Constantinople are even more unattractive than the men, and are quite as much in evidence. The time was when no garbage was carried away from the city, and the dogs were then protected as scavengers. Times have changed, but not the laws; if a cabman runs over a dog he is fined. Dogs seem to be protected by some superstition also. Belonging to the city as a whole, but to no individual in particular, living in filth on insufficient food, they suffer from every conceivable disease, and are often horrible and pitiful to see. By day they sleep on the street where fancy takes them; pedestrians step over them, carriages drive

around them, but they sleep on. At night they fight like cats, and so prevent the stranger from enjoying his dreams too much.

One interesting feature of dog life may be learned from them. They have formed themselves into clans, and the boundaries of each clan are well fixed within certain streets and are well understood. If a hapless dog wanders out of the bounds of his own clan, he is as much a stranger as the ancient Semite was under similar circumstances. It is amusing to see the dogs of the invaded territory escorting the intruder to the boundary in no hospitable fashion. If a bit of carrion happens to lie near the boundary of two of these dog territories, one may sometimes see an interesting battle. One set of dogs is drawn up in line to protect the prize, while another may be seen charging the first like a flying wedge in football. I wonder if a part of the tactics of that eminently American sport was not learned from these ancient inhabitants of Constantinople!

In Constantinople we saw something of the missionaries of the Congregationalists and the Friends, who both showed us much kindness. The latter, especially, were very good to us, going to many parts of the city with us, and thus delivering us from the hands of a dragoman.

We visited the chief points of interest in Constantinople, and were especially interested in the church of Santa Sophia, once a Christian cathedral, but now a Mohammedan mosque. Much has been written of its beauty, but to me it was disappointing. It is grand in conception, but barbaric in detail. We witnessed here one day, for the first time, the noonday prayer of the Mohammedans. It was ceremonious and stately. That day it was followed by a Mohammedan funeral, which did not seem very solemn.

I was much interested in the Museum at Constantinople. It is in the old Seraglio, the ancient palace of the emperors of Byzantium, and, until the last century, of the Turkish Sultans. The Museum has been collected and organized by the energy and intelligence of Hamdi Bey, and is a most valuable collection. It contains many archaic Old Babylonian inscriptions, a surprisingly large collection of Hittite inscriptions, the Siloam inscription from Jerusalem, and the so-called Alexander sarcophagus, which is the finest object of the kind yet discovered. These are but a few; its treasures are numerous.

The most peculiar sight which we saw in Constantinople was a service at the Mosque of the dancing Dervishes. These men, clad in their peculiar garb, whirled around and around with

Mosque of the Sultan Ahmed, Constantinople.

In Santa Sophia, Constantinople.

outstretched hands for about half an hour. One would have said that it was impossible for any human being to whirl for so long a time. The ceremony is a strange manifestation of ascetic mysticism, and yet these men are, after all, not unlike other men. That comfortable, portly man over there, who has his turban wound with green, to indicate that he claims descent from Mohammed, might well be a prosperous Philadelphia banker. He has the well-fed, comfortable look of the financial magnate. This one with the pale, refined face looks not unlike a university professor. Indeed, he makes one think of J. R. H., whose scholarly, spiritual face is so well known to Friends in both England and America. That boy yonder, who is not yet half grown, and who whirls with such enthusiasm, has the innocent face of the country urchin who steals the fruit from your orchard at home. One comes away with a new sense of the kinship of humanity, and, if he has any sympathy with mysticism, he departs with the feeling that, strange as are the practices of these people, it is possible to understand the root from which they spring.

On the Lord's day I attended the little meeting at the Friends' mission, where they have a service in Armenian at one hour and in Turkish at another. Here I had my first experience in

speaking through an interpreter. It is a peculiar experience. Dr. Babcock happily described it as "the compound fracture of an idea with mortification setting in immediately"!

One day, in company with Mr. P., a missionary who was prominent in the negotiations which led to the release of Miss Stone last year, we sailed up the Bosphorus and visited Robert College. President Washburn, of the college, who had returned from America but two days before, joined us on the steamer. It was a beautiful sail up the Bosphorus, past the Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's residence, and past many other villas. The college itself is magnificently situated on an eminence overlooking the river and the hills of the Asiatic shore. The managers of the institution have, with excellent tact, adapted themselves to the situation. They seldom disturb the prejudices of those about them, but are, by the intelligence and Christian life which they radiate, quietly leavening that part of the East. The college was rejoicing in the opening of a new building for its preparatory department.

We found Mrs. Washburn very charming. In her parlor we enjoyed the rare opportunity of meeting a Turkish lady of high life. She happened to call while we were there, and, though evidently embarrassed to find foreign

gentlemen present, did not run away. She is the wife of one of the professors.

We were surprised to meet two members of the staff here who are old students of Oakwood Seminary, and many of whose friends are our friends. The world is small!

This morning we went, after the usual custom house formalities, on board the good ship "Poseidon," of the Austrian Lloyds line, and about half-past ten steamed away from Constantinople, around Seraglio Point into the Sea of Marmora. As I write we are crossing that sea in a beautiful sunlight. The shores of Macedonia and Asia are in sight, and it is delightfully calm. We are due at the Piræus to-morrow afternoon about six o'clock. This ship is bound for Trieste, and has an Austrian mail box on board. I will add a word to-morrow and post this letter on the ship.

September 14th.—It is a beautiful Sabbath day. The shores of Greece are in sight. We passed through the Hellespont last night, passing the point where the armies of Xerxes entered Europe, and those of Alexander entered Asia. We are now in the Ægean Sea. Paul's Macedonian journeys seem to us more real and more extensive than ever before.

V.

ATHENS, CORINTH, AND THE CHURCHES OF ASIA.

On the Italian Steamship "Scrivia,"
en route from Athens to Smyrna,

September 20th, 1902.

SINCE I closed my last letter, on board the steamship "Poseidon," we have paid a brief visit—all too brief—to Greece. The sail that evening up the Saronic Gulf to the Piræus was most enjoyable. The hills of Attica, burned brown with the summer drought, sloped down to the beautifully blue water. On Cape Sunion, their southern extremity, the ruin of a temple of Athena arose, beautiful even in its desolation. During the last part of the sail the hills of Salamis were visible on the left, while far away to the right we could see the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens.

When we cast anchor at the Piræus the sun had already sunk below the horizon. The glory of that sunset over these beautiful shores we shall never forget. The quarantine officer declined to give us attention till morning, so we slept on board. It was a fine moonlight night, and we greatly enjoyed the evening view of the harbor and town of the Piræus. Next morning we were in Athens by eight o'clock, and took up

The Bosphorus near Robert College.

Temple of Nike, Athens.

Parthenon from the East, Athens.

The Erechtheum, Athens.

our residence not far from the royal palace at the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

That day and the next we spent, except the hottest part of the day, in and about the Acropolis and the magnificent ruins of ancient Athens which adjoin it. We drank in something of the spirit of this marvelous old city, which is still the world's teacher in the æsthetic arts, and some of whose citizens are still the greatest teachers in thinking. We lived in imagination with Pericles, Phidias, Socrates and Plato; we wandered about with St. Paul, identifying, as well as we could, the points which he must have visited. We were not disappointed in Athens. Barbarians of many names have conspired to reduce her splendor to ruins, but she is still marvelously beautiful even in her ruins. I speak, of course, of ancient Athens. There is nothing especially marvelous about the modern city.

We found Greece restful after Constantinople. It is a Christian country, and many disagreeable features which Islam fosters were absent. We were interested in the dress of the Greek soldiery and peasants. As you will see from one of the photographs it is a very striking costume.

Wednesday was our great day, however. Like Paul, we then "departed from Athens and came to Corinth," only we did not, like him, go

on foot or in a small boat, but in a railway train, which was comfortable, if not swift. The ride was most interesting. We first went northward through the Attic plain, with Mt. Hymettos on our right; then turning westward and traversing hill country and plain, we came in a little time to Eleusis, famous of old for the Eleusinian mysteries. Thence we rode southward along the west shore of the Saronic Gulf, opposite to the island of Salamis, where the army of Xerxes was defeated. We climbed over one range of hills and then over another, passing the city of Megara meantime, after which we came to the isthmus. Having crossed the fine ship canal which at present severs the isthmus, we left the train at New Corinth, fifty-seven miles by rail from Athens. This ride illuminated many things for us. Greece is a country which has a comparatively slight rainfall. They have had but one shower since May. There is enough rain during the winter to grow wheat, which is harvested in spring, but all that is raised during the summer must be fostered by irrigation. Now the vineyards and a few irrigated gardens are the only green spots. In winter the vineyards are not green, so that the whole country is never all green at one time. The hardy, stubby olive trees, which grow abundantly in

Mars' Hill, Athens.

A Forum of the Roman Period, Athens.

A Modern Greek.

An Excavated Corinthian Street of St. Paul's Time.

spots, and the pine trees, which cluster on the mountain sides, are also green all summer.

It is, however, a bewitching country. The soil and hills are of a pinkish hue, and the sea, which penetrates almost everywhere, is of an incomparable blue. C. says that pastel colors abound in Greece, in the buildings, the hills, the valleys and the bays. The struggle for existence is hard, but it is just the land for poets and idealists.

From New Corinth a drive of four or five miles brought us to Old Corinth, now a wretched village. Here the American School at Athens has recently made an important excavation, and the object of our visit was to inspect the new discoveries. First, however, it seemed wisest to satisfy the demands of hunger, so we sat in our carriage and did justice to a lunch brought from the hotel at Athens, while twenty-five or more peasants stood around to see how we did it!

The excavation has brought to light several old streets and squares. It was a great delight to identify the site of the Jewish synagogue in which Paul preached. Its location had been vouched for by an inscription. The house of Titus Justus, where the first Christian Church was organized, "joined hard to the synagogue," so we saw the site where it stood. A long col-

onnaded street of the Roman period, along which Paul must have walked, was also visible. These and many other interesting things much older occupied us for some time.

Afterward, protected by our white helmets, we mounted three old horses and climbed Acro-Corinthus, or the Rock of Corinth, which rises five hundred feet above the sea. It is the site of a temple of the goddess Aphrodite. This, together with the extensive fortifications, now in ruins, rendered it very interesting to me. The view from the top was superb. We could see the hills of Argolis, the country of Agamemnon, as well as those of Achaia, Beotia and Aetolia. Parnassus and Helicon were clearly visible, while the Saronic Gulf and the Gulf of Corinth mingled their beautifully blue waters with the tints of the hills. The day was exceedingly hot and the saddles uncomfortable, but this magnificent view of lands so associated with classic story, with the fine combination of hill, dale and sea, well repaid our effort. Before descending we drank of the spring of Pirene.

We rode back to Athens in the evening twilight. As we rode the twilight merged into beautiful moonlight, which rendered the Greek scenery even more delightful. It was a great day!

Since then we have seen more of Athens and its wonderful ruins, our chief delight being a visit to the Acropolis by moonlight. In the mellow radiance of the moon these ghostly phantoms of past beauty are indescribably impressive and peaceful.

C. C. and I varied the experiences of these warm days by going out to Old Phaleron, a village on the Saronic Gulf, where we enjoyed some excellent salt water bathing. After the burning Athenian days it was most refreshing.

Ala-Sheher, Asiatic Turkey, September 26th. —This is the Philadelphia of Rev. 3: 7-13. I here take up my narrative where I left it nearly a week ago.

Our night on the "Scrivia" proved interesting and uncomfortable. She was not a lordly ship, and the first-class cabin was in the extreme stern. The wind had been blowing for two days, and was steadily rising. Dinner was served at seven o'clock on the open deck. As the wind arose it became necessary to enclose us in a wall of canvas, to keep articles from blowing from the table. This same wind drove the cinders from the smoke-stack on to a motley group, consisting of a Turkish gentleman and two ladies, an Armenian merchant and his wife, a German Professor and the three Americans. We were soon out in the open Ægean, when dis-

cretion, to mention nothing more painful, sent us all to bed.

Early the next morning we ran under the lee of the island of Chios, the wine of which was long ago celebrated by Horace. This (the island, not the wine) gave us some relief. We steamed around the island to its chief port, which is situated on its east side, then steamed northward around the Cape of Kara Burun, after which we turned eastward into the Gulf of Smyrna. The whole day was passed thus, and we were not in our hotel in Smyrna until about six o'clock in the evening.

The next day we spent in getting our bearings in Smyrna—a cleaner and more cheerful city than Constantinople—and exchanging calls with some missionaries to whom we had letters. These missionaries have been most helpful to us. All that we have done since would have been quite impossible for us without their aid.

In Smyrna we began to realize that we were in Asia. Scores of caravans of camels jostled us in the streets. They were coming in laden with grain, raisins, figs, and many other fruits which the country beyond produces. We had seen workmen, by the way, packing these same figs in back streets of Smyrna, and we wonder whether we shall ever be willing to eat figs again. Ignorance is sometimes bliss!

An Old Fountain, Corinth.

Acro-Corinthus.

Site of the Temple of Diana, Ephesus.

The Main Street of Ancient Ephesus.

The next morning we were up early, and after a hurried breakfast took the 6.50 train for Ayassuluk, the site of ancient Ephesus. The breakfast was more hurried than it should have been. When it was nearly time for it I had to awaken the cook, the head waiter, and even the night watchman of the hotel myself! Mr. F., one of the younger missionaries, went with us.

Our way to Ephesus lay through broad plains, in some of which figs, pomegranates, apricots, and many other fruits, were growing, while others were given over to grazing. Asia Minor consists of rugged, volcanic mountains, between which lie extensive, fertile plains. An energetic population and a liberal government would make this one of the gardens of the world.

Near the station at Ayassuluk we visited the ruins of the Church of St. John, built by Justinian about 530 A. D.; the ruins of a mediæval fortress, and of a mosque, built about 1340 A.D. A little further on we came upon the ruins of the Temple of Diana, which were excavated some years ago by Mr. Woods. It is the temple mentioned in Acts 19, the silversmiths of which stirred up a riot against St. Paul. Its beginnings go back to prehistoric times. Probably it was a sacred place among the Hittites before the beginning of our written records. In

Paul's time it was the largest temple of the Greek world. Now only the bases of a few columns and a few foundation stones remain, and these were completely buried under the soil until Mr. Woods exhumed them. On the site of the temple we picked a few blackberries—the first we had tasted this year.

After meditating a while on the old-time splendor now forever gone, we mounted some horses and rode about two miles to the position of the old city itself on the slopes of Mt. Prion. There are many old ruins here which have never been completely buried. Among these is the ruin of an old Christian church, in which the ecumenical council of 431 A.D. was held. By far the larger part of the splendor of this rich capital of the province of Asia has decayed or is buried under three or four feet of earth. The Austrians have been excavating here for years and are still at work. They have laid bare the theater and the main street, which ran from the theater straight down to the ancient harbor. In the course of the work some side streets have come to light, so that one can gain some idea of the form of the ancient city. The number of broken columns and the amount of carved marble, now, of course, in fragments, which are everywhere brought to light, show this to have

been one of the most beautifully built of ancient towns.

We ate our lunch in a shady nook of the old theater, which was cut in part out of the mountain side—the same in which the uproar of Demetrius, the silversmith, was made (Acts 19: 29). Afterwards I took a number of photographs, one of which was of the stadium, where, perhaps, Paul was once thrown to the beasts, but somehow escaped (1 Cor. 15: 32).

The associations suggested by Ephesus thronged upon our thoughts. Here the Gospel of John was probably written, and that interpretation of the teaching of Christ, which defined God as Spirit, as Light and as Love, was given to the world. Reluctantly we returned to a mid-afternoon train and retraced our course to Smyrna.

The next morning I started by another line of railway to visit Sardis and Philadelphia, two more of the seven churches of Asia. I wish I had time to tell you of the difficulties encountered in getting started. They well illustrate the impossibility of doing anything rapidly in this country. I should never have accomplished it had it not been for the generous aid of Mr. McL., the President of the American School in Smyrna, who went with me to see the Superintendent of the railway, to arrange to stop a

train at an unusual point, and who provided us with camp beds on the spur of the moment. These, together with provisions, it was necessary to bring, for at some points there are no hotels, and at others they are too full of vermin to be endured.

Leaving the rest of our party in Smyrna because of the hardships of this journey, I set off with a young Greek as companion, interpreter and guide. The train was a "mixed" one, and we spent that afternoon slowly traveling through mountain-bound plains, similar to those seen on the way to Ephesus, in which grapes, oranges, figs, olives, apricots, pomegranates, apples, cotton, and many other crops, were growing. In the corners of many vineyards natives were drying raisins in a way not very appetizing.

Soon after we passed Magnesia, near which, in 190 B.C., the battle which destroyed Syrian power in Asia Minor and gave this country to the Romans was fought, we saw from the train the gigantic rock-cut figure which the Greeks called Niobe. It was, perhaps, originally a figure of a Hittite goddess. The rain made dark streaks across the face, hence the Greek tradition that she was the weeping Niobe.

About six o'clock the train put us down at the village which now represents ancient Sardis. It

Part of the Theater, Ephesus.

The Stadium, Ephesus.

Acropolis and old Wall of Sardis.

Ruin of the Temple of Attys-Cybele, Sardis.

is a tiny, wretched hamlet. Our plan had been to get permission to set up our camp beds in the waiting room of the station, but we found this small room too full of freight. We therefore went across the track and put up our beds under a freight shed, which was entirely open on two sides. Fortunately, it was enclosed in the direction of the wind. After eating some supper we retired about eight o'clock, clad even to our overcoats, as we had been during the day, for the night was cold, and with the addition of a blanket we were none too warm. As room mates we had two dogs, a goat, five hens and four turkeys!

I cannot boast of a restful night. We did not understand the camp beds, and in the dark had not set them up properly, so that they were most uncomfortable. There were many Turks about, and as I had quite a number of things about me which were of value I feared they might take us as prey. Dogs occasionally barked, camel trains with their tinkling bells passed, owls hooted, and about three o'clock a neighboring Turk, who ships milk to Smyrna, lighted fires under four large cauldrons to boil his milk. As they have no ice, the milk is boiled before it is shipped, to prevent its souring. As the night was not propitious for sleep, I had time to think of all that had made Sardis

famous, of Gyges and his letter to Assurbanipal, of Crœsus and Cyrus the Great; of Xerxes, who gathered his army here before crossing the Hellespont; of Cyrus the Younger, who collected an army here before starting on his unsuccessful attempt to wrest the Persian throne from his brother Artaxerxes, and of the Christian Church to which "thou hast a name that thou livest and thou art dead" (Rev. 3: 1) was spoken.

I found the next day that all my fears of these Turks had been groundless. They are simple country folk and are very kind. They have made us many offers of hospitality, and have returned articles, such as a fountain pen, which we had dropped.

At five o'clock it began to be light. We arose, packed up our beds, ate our breakfast of bread, hard-boiled eggs, grapes and ginger ale, and then started to climb the old acropolis. A Turk treated us before we left the village to what he called coffee; it was a glass of hot milk, with a faint flavoring of coffee.

Sardis was destroyed by the Tartar Timur about 1400 A.D. A few fragments of the old city wall, two columns of the temple of Attys-Cybele, and bits of old fortifications on the top of the acropolis, are all that remain of the former glory of this once famous capital. The

river Tmolus, from which gold was washed in ancient times to swell the coffers of Crœsus, prattles on still. It is but a brook. The beaver-meadow brook by the old home farm is a more stately stream! Wretched Turkish villages occupy a part of the site of the old city, and the acropolis is a goat pasture.

The acropolis was on a hill which, like many on the north of the Taurus range in this section, consists of a heap of gravel. It must be of glacial formation, I should think. It disintegrates rapidly in the weather, and has washed down over much of the former city. It must have begun to cover the old ruins early enough to preserve large parts of them. The site would be a promising one to excavate. Had Sardis been so fortunate as to be embalmed in some immortal literature, as Troy is in the Iliad, and Ephesus, in the Bible, no doubt the spade of the excavator would be already here.

We returned to the station, and about eleven o'clock took a train which, by the courtesy of the Superintendent, was stopped especially for us, and came on about thirty-five miles to this city.

Old Philadelphia is now a Turkish city of about 15,000 inhabitants. A part of the old city wall may still be seen, and the ruins of an old church, probably the successor of the build-

ing in which the congregation worshiped which had a little faith, and which had not denied the name of Christ (Rev. 3: 8). There is also a ledge of rock—a remarkable formation, which contains some fossilized roots, which look like bones. Timur destroyed Philadelphia at the same time that he did Sardis, and tradition has it that he built the bones of his victims into a castle here.

I have seen Mohammedanism here in greater purity than elsewhere. One meets here none but veiled women in the street. Yesterday, in a field near a fountain over back of the town, we stopped to rest near a group of Turks. It was just their time of prayer, and the more devout of them were going through their devotions. Those who prayed had very good faces. One of them came up and talked with us. He wanted me to smoke with him! My interpreter explained why I did not smoke. He then wished to know if we did not drink brandy. Our cold water habits seemed to interest him greatly, and he went away exclaiming, "May you live long!"

Last night we erected our beds in the railway station, and slept very well. About seven o'clock this morning the camel trains began to come into the station with loads of raisins. The drivers, afraid at first, finally arranged a

group of camels for me to photograph, which I did, using the back of a camel, which was lying down, for a tripod.

This railway extends on eastward to Iconium and beyond. I am sorry not to follow St. Paul up there, but time will not permit it. There is but one train to Smyrna to-day, and while waiting for it I have been writing this letter.

VI.

SMYRNA, BEIRUT, DAMASCUS, BAALBEC AND JAFFA.

JERUSALEM, PALESTINE, Oct. 12th, 1902.

HERE we are at last in the Holy City, the goal of all our travels. We are alive and well, though somewhat weary, and shall rest hard for the next few days. It is a great cause for thankfulness that at a time when the movements of ships in the Mediterranean are so disturbed by quarantine, we have suffered no delay or real inconvenience.

I concluded my last letter at Smyrna, and will now try to tell you what we have been doing since. After posting the last letter to you, we took a drive up to the old citadel of Smyrna, passing on the way an old Roman aqueduct. From the citadel we obtained a fine view of Smyrna and of the Gulf. On this hill there is an old stadium, excavated in the hillside, in which Polycarp, an early Bishop of Smyrna, suffered martyrdom in 155 A.D. A tomb near by, wrongly thought by the Mohammedans to be his, is decorated with various rags and bits of clothing, which Moslems have tied upon it, to keep themselves in contact with the saint, so that he will keep them in remembrance and intercede for them. All pre-Mohammedan wor-

Ala-sheher (Philadelphia), seen from the South.

Smyrna.

Old Aqueducts near Smyrna.

Beirut and Lebanon.

thies, whether Jew or Christian, are saints to Moslems.

On our way to this citadel we passed through a Mohammedan village, where some boys threw stones at us, because we are Christians. As the boys and the stones were all small, we suffered no inconvenience from their persecution.

Toward evening of that day we embarked on the French steamer "Saghalien" for Beirut. On this ship we found another of the students of the American School on his way to Jerusalem. There were also a number of missionaries of the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies, who were on their way to their respective fields. Some of them, like the veteran surgeon of Beirut, Dr. Post, had been away on furloughs and were returning home. We enjoyed Dr. Post greatly.

Beside these the ship had on board almost every kind of monk one could think of—Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Greeks, Armenians and Syrians. The Syrian, or as he was called, the Chaldean Patriarch, from Oorfa, on the Euphrates, was also on board. There were also Turks galore, men, women and children. C. called the deck the "Midway Plaisance."

On our way through the Ægean the ship put into the harbor of Vathi, the capital of the island of Samos, where it remained for an hour

or two. Paul was once on a ship which touched at this island, probably at this very harbor (Acts 20: 15). While we were in the harbor the Protestants on board held a little service, which Dr. Post led, and in which several of us took part. C. played the piano, and Dr. Parmalee, a missionary of Trebizond, who was on his way to Beirut to undergo an operation, was one of the speakers. Poor man! He died the next Saturday from the effects of the operation, and his funeral was the next Sunday.

During the day we passed the island of Patmos, connected with the book of Revelation (Rev. 1: 9). It stood lonely and grand in the sea. Much to our disappointment we passed the island of Rhodes in the night. The next evening we sailed for a long time in sight of the island of Cyprus, and on the following morning, under the towering peaks of the Lebanon Mountains, we landed at Beirut.

Beirut is on the site of the old Phœnician city of Barutu, which was between Sidon and Gebal. It is now a city of 150,000 inhabitants, and is the principal seaport of Syria. It is the seat of the Syrian Protestant College, and the headquarters of the Presbyterian mission work in Syria. It is a great center of the manufacture of silk. Many silk worms are grown in the

suburbs, and many of the little houses in the town are occupied by looms.

In Beirut we enjoyed the choice spirits who lead the work of the college. We spent some delightful hours with them, and enjoyed the creditable archæological museum and the fine collection of ancient coins, which the college possesses. One afternoon, when Dr. and Mrs. Bliss invited us to meet some friends at their house, we ate ice cream frozen with snow from the Lebanon Mountains.

One morning we drove northward from Beirut for some miles to the Dog River. Here the mountain comes down so near to the sea that in order to obtain a military road wide enough for even one chariot it was necessary to cut the rock. Along this road all the nations of antiquity marched their armies. Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans all passed this way, and all left inscriptions commemorating their movements. Even Napoleon III. caused an inscription to be carved here. These inscriptions were cut in soft limestone rock, and are now much weather-worn.

The next morning we left Beirut by the narrow-gauge railway, which crosses the Lebanon range. A good part of the way this is a "rack and pinion" road—i.e., it has a third rail

in the center containing teeth, into which a cog-wheel in the locomotive fits. Such a train can ascend very steep grades. The road goes over the top of the Lebanon range, and the views are most beautiful. At one time we were 4,880 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea—the level at which we left Beirut. You cannot imagine what exquisite views we obtained of mountain peaks and ravines, now red with sandstone, now white with limestone. Often they were terraced and bedecked with vineyards and mulberry trees. The marvelously blue Mediterranean was always stretching away from the foot of the mountains, and at the shore mingling with their bases. The scenes were simply indescribable! They were intoxicating.

One thing that surprised me was the height to which cultivation is carried on the west side of Lebanon. The mountains are terraced and irrigated and dotted with prosperous villages nearly to the top. I wonder if this has not been kept up from ancient times, when the energetic Phœnicians were crowded in here between the mountains and the sea.

The Lebanons are now the most prosperous part of Syria. After the massacre of 1860 the European governments compelled the Turks to give the Lebanon a Christian governor. The result is that a more enlightened policy prevails

Temple of Venus, Baalbec.

Temple of Jupiter, Baalbec.

An Arabian Ruin, Baalbec.

here than obtains in most of the Ottoman dominions.

Between twelve and one o'clock we descended into the great valley between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon mountains, which the Greco-Roman writers called Caelo-Syria, or Hallow Syria. Half way across this valley we changed cars for Baalbec. We were fortunate in the time of our arrival, for this line of railway on which Baalbec is situated, and which runs northward up the valley of Caelo-Syria to the site of ancient Hamath, had been in operation but a few weeks.

Baalbec was once a shrine of the ubiquitous Semitic god and goddess of fertility. During the Roman period of Palestinian history large and splendid temples were erected here and the worship was maintained. Since the Saracen occupation these buildings have at times been used as a fortress. The Saracens also added some splendid buildings of their own, which are now in ruins.

Baalbec is now a typical Oriental town, untouched by outside influence. The Germans have been excavating some parts of the old temple pile, so that a visit to the ruins is much more interesting than formerly. There are some walls in this old structure which are composed

of stones, each about thirty feet long, and one stone measures sixty-three feet in length!

We passed the night at Baalbec. We looked longingly toward "the entering in of Hamath," but our time would not permit us to enter in. A plan which I had formed for going part way up and seeking out the battlefield of Kadesh, where Rameses II. fought his great battle with the Hittites, was, on account of the heat and exposure, reluctantly abandoned.

The next day we passed southeastward through the Anti-Lebanon range to Damascus. We should have considered the scenery here very beautiful, if we had not seen the Lebanons the day before. During the last part of the ride the train passed along the banks of the Barada, the Abana of the Old Testament. Our hotel in Damascus was also on the banks of the Barada.

Damascus is an Oriental oasis. It is a good example of what water and sunshine can make out of Syrian sand. It is situated in a plain about 2,500 feet above the sea, and is shut in on three sides by mountains. On the southwest Mount Hermon, the lofty peak in which the Anti-Lebanon terminates southward, is distinctly visible. The Arabian poets, who came to this oasis from the wastes of Arabia, were never weary of praising its beauties. To them it rivaled the charms of Paradise. To the visi-

tor from more verdant lands, this charm is not so evident, though the Oriental variety and richness of coloring in its life gives it a strong fascination to the Western traveler.

The only building of any note in Damascus is the Mosque. It stands on the site of an old heathen temple, perhaps the house of Rimmon, in which the master of Naaman worshiped (2 Kings 5: 18, 19). Later it became the site of a Christian church, erected between 300 and 400 A.D. This the Arabian Caliph, Welid, converted into a mosque between 710 and 720 A.D. Architecturally it is very imposing.

We rode through the street called "Straight," of which Mark Twain has said: "It is straighter than a ram's horn, but not as straight as a corkscrew," a description which exaggerates the devious directness of this historic thoroughfare. The house of Ananias, where Paul received his sight, is still shown, as is also the window from which he was let down over the wall—the Turkish wall! The bazaars of Damascus are fascinating, especially to ladies. Here you can see almost anything made, can buy it, and pay twice what it is worth —unless you know better.

From the slopes of one of the mountains a beautiful view of Damascus is obtained. The city is shaped like a spoon, and on account of its

many trees the spoon seems to lie in a dish of spinach. One evening we enjoyed the view of Mount Hermon in the glow after sunset. This view we shall never forget.

The Scotch maintain a Medical Mission here. They have a fine hospital at Damascus, and are doing a good work.

The next day we traveled back to Beirut again, reversing the beautiful ride over the Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon ranges. The distance is eighty-nine and one-half miles, and the schedule time for the train is eight and one-half hours. We travel the same distance between New York and Philadelphia in two hours, but then we do not have to make our way there over the top of a range of mountains. When allowance is made for the mountains, however, speed of all sorts is very much less here than at home.

Next day we drove up the side of Mount Lebanon from Beirut in a carriage to Brumana, where the English Friends maintain a mission. Brumana is a beautifully situated village, about 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. It commands a fine mountain and sea view. It is one of many Syrian villages which dot the mountain side. The Friends have a boarding school here for boys, one for girls, a hospital and a dispensary, and a fine, substantial meeting house. They also occupy another mission station at

Entrance to the Street called "Straight," Damascus.

The Barada, Damascus.

The Girls' School, Brumana.

Looking toward Ras-el-Metn from Brumana.

Ras-el-Metn, further over the mountain. Connected with the two stations are several day schools, in which 1,200 children are taught.

The missionaries entertained us at dinner, and afterward invited a number of people to meet us at tea, among whom were Dr. Bliss, the venerable president of the Syrian College, and his son, Dr. Frederick J. Bliss, formerly excavator to the Palestine Exploration Fund.

We had taken passage to Jaffa—the Joppa of the Bible—on the Russian steamship "Nachinoff," which was expected at Beirut on the eighth, but, as frequently happens here, the ship was a day late, so we had a day of rest in Beirut before leaving.

The ship, which was named for a Russian Admiral famous in the Crimean war, was carrying four hundred Turkish soldiers to Jaffa. The soldiers were on their way to Al-Kerak, east of the Dead Sea, in the ancient territory of Moab. Al-Kerak is probably on the site of the Biblical Kir of Moab. These soldiers crowded the boat from stem to stern. Fortunately, they did not travel first class. They did, however, camp on the deck outside our windows and sing both late and early. They were accompanied by a number of officers, some of whom had their ladies with them, so here and there groups of veiled women camped on the deck.

We did not reach Jaffa till about eleven o'clock the next day, and during the morning, as we sailed along the gray shores of Palestine, the soldiers entertained us with a sword dance on deck. It was a weird and savage spectacle.

The harbor at Jaffa is very bad. A half-submerged reef runs along the shore. Ships must cast anchor outside of this, and passengers must go ashore in small boats. This is the system in all these Eastern harbors, but at Jaffa it is particularly bad, for the unbroken swells of the Mediterranean beat in here, and it is often dangerous to pass the sunken reef under such circumstances.

We were fortunate in experiencing a fairly smooth landing at Jaffa, and in finding Dr. and Mrs. Merrill there. Dr. Merrill is the United States Consul at Jerusalem. They had been spending some days at Jaffa, and were intending to return to Jerusalem the next day. We were accordingly persuaded to remain over night in order to go up to Jerusalem with them.

Jaffa is a remarkably fine oasis, and the area of fertility has been artificially extended by means of artesian wells. By this means water is reached at from fifty to eighty feet below the surface, slightly brackish, but on the whole very good. This has enabled them to greatly enlarge the area of cultivation. The chief indus-

Jaffa, from the Harbor.

Looking down the Valley of Hinnom,
Jerusalem.

The Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem.

Street Scene inside the Jaffa Gate.
Jerusalem.

try is the growth of oranges. Orange gardens may be seen in every direction.

Joppa is a very old port. It is mentioned by Thothmes III., King of Egypt, about 1500 B.C. It was important enough to be conquered by Sennacherib, about 700 B.C. It was a Judæan harbor in the time of Simon, the Maccabee, about 140 B.C., and here Simon Peter had the vision which sent him as a preacher to a Gentile (Acts 10: 9).

At one o'clock yesterday we left Jaffa for Jerusalem. On our way we passed through Lyd, the ancient Lydda (Acts 9: 35, 38), and traveling southward in the Maritime Plain passed near the site of the old Philistine city of Ekron, then up through the Valley of Shorek, made memorable by the stories of Samson. At the entrance of the Valley of Shorek we passed in sight of Zorah, the birthplace of Samson. We reached the station at Jerusalem about five o'clock.

Some of the Turkish soldiers from the steamer had come up from Jaffa on the train with us. A regiment from the garrison at Jerusalem met them, so we shared the honor of the brass band and the display. Dr. Merrill had telegraphed of his coming. All the officers and cavasses of the consulate were there, to take us up to the hotel in state. He could not have been

more kind to us had we been a Presidential party! So with Quakerism, soldierdom, and Oriental state all mixed up, here we are!

In driving up from the station we came over a hill (the station is nearly a mile from the city), from which the tops of the mountains beyond Jordan, including Mt. Nebo, were visible, beautifully tinted with blue; we crossed the valley of Hinnom, rode up under the walls of Jerusalem, by the old palace of Herod, and in at the Jaffa Gate.

You can imagine our feelings on our arrival at this historic spot! We have been too weary to look about much to-day. Jerusalem has so far been a city of rest to us. We shall have plenty of time to look about later.

We are now seven thousand miles from home, and with all our side trips we have traveled eight thousand miles in reaching this point.

In the Court of the Gentiles.

The Mosque of Omar, on the site
of the Hebrew Temple.

Gordon's Calvary, from the East.

Street Scene outside the Jaffa Gate.
Jerusalem.

VII.

FIRST WEEKS IN JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, November 3d, 1902.

WE HAVE now been in Jerusalem more than three weeks, and I will try to give you a little glimpse of what we are seeing and doing.

We were fortunate in the time of our arrival here. The next week after our coming the cholera broke out at Gaza, in the Philistine plain, and soon made its way northward to Lydda and Jaffa. It has since extended to Hebron, and each day brings news of new territory added to its domain. The result is that we are quite shut in from the outside world. No one can come to Jerusalem from the plains without undergoing a quarantine of ten days at Bab-el-Wad, a little village just at the foot of the mountains. The trains between here and Jaffa were taken off on the 18th of October. One of our students reached here on the 17th, on the last train which came in. The Turks are a curiously irrational people. According to their view of life, it makes no difference whether you take sanitary measures to prevent the spread of disease or not. If one's time has come to die, quarantine will not save him; if it has not come, cholera cannot kill him. In spite

of all this, they have established quarantine right and left, until almost every place is quarantined against every other.

We are quietly going our way and pursuing our work in great peace in spite of the alarms of cholera. We have not been able to visit such places as Bethlehem and Hebron yet, but we can wait for such pleasures.

We had often been told that we should be disappointed in Jerusalem, because the modern city contains so much wretchedness and fanaticism; but we are disappointing our prophets. The city is much what we expected it to be. The hills over which Christ walked are still here. The Temple Area, the center of the world's best religious history for so many centuries, is much the same as in the olden time, although it is now the site of two Mohammedan mosques. The Mount of Olives is very impressive, and the site of Gethsemane tolerably certain in spite of ecclesiastical disputes. Which hill was Golgotha is not so certain, though many think that they know. Many of the costumes and customs of the people illustrate Biblical times, and throw light on Biblical texts. Those who are disappointed in Jerusalem are those who have no idea what an Oriental city was and is. If it were radically different from its present self, it would afford us no idea of its ancient condition.

It seems strange to be here! Last Thursday we visited the Temple Area. What a part that hill has played in the history of the world since the time of David!

In the sixth century of our era a Christian church was built at the south end of the Temple Area, which the Mohammedans have converted into a mosque. The most beautiful thing in it is a pulpit of most marvelously carved wood, which was placed here by Saladin. Where the Jewish temple formerly stood there is another mosque, which was built by Abd-el-Melik, Caliph of Damascus in the eighth century. It is the most beautiful Mohammedan mosque now in existence, and one of the most beautiful buildings in the world.

Directly under its dome is the rock on which Abraham is said to have prepared to offer Isaac. It was in the threshing floor, which David bought of Araunah, the Jebusite, and afterward served as an altar. One can still detect channels in its surface which were probably prepared for the sacrificial blood.

One cannot walk about the courts of this sacred enclosure without seeming to hear the echoes of the footsteps of the religious heroes of both Testaments. David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Nehemiah, the Maccabees, Christ and Paul have all been here!

The site of Calvary is disputed, but it was, in the opinion of some, a hill just north of the present city wall. This hill now has a Mohammedan cemetery on it. We went out to visit it the other afternoon, and found a motley company of Mohammedans there, assembled for a funeral. Soon the funeral procession came. It was preceded by several blind men, who were chanting a peculiarly doleful strain. Next came men bearing the bier on their shoulders, followed by a motley ragged throng. What a contrast that benighted crowd afforded to the Light which one associates with Calvary! They seemed worthy to be the descendants of that other throng, which once rent the air with cries of "Crucify!"

We have taken two or three walks out to the top of the Mount of Olives, from which we obtain a fine view of Jerusalem on the one side and, on the other, of the Dead Sea, Jordan Valley and Mountains of Moab beyond.

Last Saturday we drove out to the Friends' Mission at Ramallah, ten miles to the north of Jerusalem, and remained till Monday. In going we drove across the whole territory of the tribe of Benjamin, into the hill country of Ephraim. We passed on the way several sites famous in Biblical history—Nob, Gibeah of Saul, Ramah, Baal-Tamar and Beeroth, while Mizpeh (1 Sam.

12) and Gibeon (Josh. 10: 12) were in view for a long time. Ramallah may be the Ramathaim Zophim, where Samuel was born.

The New England Friends have here one of the best-equipped educational missions in Palestine. It was a pleasure to visit it. We enjoyed the Friends' Meeting. The Oriental costumes in it were not exactly what would be called "plain" in America. There was much deep feeling in the meeting. It does one good to hear one of the natives pray, though he does it in Arabic, which we cannot as yet understand.

The work of the American School of Archæology is well under way now, and gives me enough to do. I am teaching Biblical Archæology and Semitic languages eight hours a week, and spend considerable time in addition to this in helping one of the more advanced students with some investigations.

He and I have made the acquaintance of the Syrian Bishop, and are spending four afternoons a week over some Syriac manuscripts in the Syrian Convent, over which the Bishop presides. This convent is connected with a church, which is on the traditional site of the home of Mary, the mother of John Mark (Acts 12: 12); it is a tradition for which more can be said than for some other local traditions, but which is, after all, of doubtful authority. The Syrians also

believe that the "upper room" in which the disciples were assembled on the day of Pentacost (Acts 2) was in this house.

The Dominican Friars have a flourishing School of Archæology here, and have received me very kindly. The Franciscans have the oldest and most powerful Roman Catholic organization here. They, too, have been very cordial. We are finding friends among "all sorts and conditions of men."

This reminds me of the painful and ludicrous side of Jerusalem society. The Holy City attracts all the religious sects of three of the great religions of the world. Thousands of the poorest and most fanatical Jews are here, and one may see them wailing every Friday afternoon in a nook by the wall of the Temple Area, because the old sanctuary is in the hands of the Gentiles. Fanatical Moslems abound here also, for to them Jerusalem is only less sacred than Mecca. Many of them make pilgrimages to Jerusalem from all parts of the Mohammedan world. Those who make the Mecca pilgrimage stop here on the way, if they can. The Roman Catholics are represented by hundreds of monks and nuns—Franciscans, Dominicans, Assumptionists, the White Fathers, and I don't know how many sisterhoods—all of whom have come here to be near the Holy Sepulcher. All

Ramallah.

Some Women of Ramallah.

Gibeah of Saul (Tel-el-Ful).

Bethlehem.

branches of the Eastern Church are likewise represented by powerful organizations—Greeks, Russians, Armenians, Syrians, Copts and Abyssinians. They make a motley throng of begowned devotion, each consecrated to some different shade of doctrine or of ritual. Of Protestants the Anglicans and the German Lutherans are the most numerous and the sanest. There are many other devoted Christian people, but also representatives of many classes of cranks—people who believe that the second coming of Christ is to take place here, and wish to be on hand so as to get a front seat. Then there are many who believe that the Anglo-Saxon race is the ten lost tribes of Israel. A Chicago woman, Mrs. Spafford, led a colony out here some years ago, the members of which believe that Christ cannot come again till a bride—a church—is specially prepared to receive Him. No such bride was ever prepared till Mrs. Spafford arose as a prophetess to lead the way. These people have come here to be on hand. They live in one large house, and have all things in common. If the statements of some who have left them are true, they carry the idea of having all things in common beyond the limits of that which is moral. Then Mr. Sanford, of Shiloh, Maine, who claims to be Elijah reincarnated, has recently established a colony

here. An English woman has been here seventeen years, ready and waiting to give Christ a cup of tea when he comes again!

Underneath most of this fanaticism one may detect true religious feeling, real, though often ignorant and misguided.

I wish you could see the quaint group of men, who are now looking at the Tower of David, an old Herodian fortress, just opposite to our windows in the hotel.

VIII.

JERUSALEM AND BETHLEHEM.

JERUSALEM, PALESTINE, Dec. 9th, 1902.

DURING the past month we have been very busy, and are thankful that we have kept well. Cholera has been in the country on every side of us, and two people have died of it here in Jerusalem. They both had come in from outside, however, and such care has been taken that we have had no epidemic here.

I find more than enough to do. There is the teaching, the library to care for, some business for the school to attend to, new things to investigate, the spoken Arabic to learn, and numerous letters to write. I am, with the others, enjoying it all.

About two weeks ago we drove to Bethlehem one afternoon. It is about five miles from Jerusalem, though hidden from it by a hill. To visit the birthplace of David and of Christ is an experience to be remembered!

Bethlehem is beautifully situated, occupying a fertile spot among the hills of Judah, from which a fine outlook to the eastward is obtained. Just east of the town lies the field upon which tradition has fixed as the place where the "shepherds were abiding in the fields" on the first

Christmas eve. On the south the hills of Judæa rise dark and impressive toward Hebron.

Over the grotto, which, according to tradition, formed the stable in which Christ was born, a large Roman Basilica stands which was originally built by the Emperor Constantine about 330 A.D. In a cloister connected with this Basilica St. Jerome lived and completed that translation of the Bible into Latin, which is known as the Vulgate. Underneath the church the cave is still shown in which Jerome is said to have lived. It is near the grotto of the nativity.

The grotto of the nativity is now made quite unnatural by the ecclesiastical gifts and ornaments which decorate it. Reverence in the ritualistic churches expresses itself in gaudy presents and ornamentation, so that now the refuge of those for whom "there was no room in the inn" is the storehouse of jewels and ecclesiastical emblems, and is redolent with incense.

The church building is simple and majestic, but the spirit of those who worship there makes one's heart ache. The structure is divided between Greeks, Roman Catholics and Armenians. Each of these is so jealous lest the others shall encroach upon its rights, that bloody battles have frequently taken place between them. Battles are still so imminent that

Field of the Shepherds, Bethlehem.

The Mount of Olives.

Jerusalem from the Tower on the Mount of Olives.

Turkish soldiers are always kept on guard to prevent them. Mohammedan soldiers must stand at the very birthplace of Christ, to prevent Christians from killing Christians!

The central portion of Palestine consists of a long ridge of limestone hills. This stone is soft and wears down and breaks apart by the action of the weather. As a result every field is full of stones. After seeing it one realizes the meaning of "He gathered out the stones thereof" in Isaiah's vineyard song (Isa. 5: 2). The stones in the sheep-pasture on our old farm in Canada are as nothing in comparison. The marvel is that the vines and wheat can grow at all. Between the stones the soil is good, however, and crops do very well.

The first part of the early rains is now over. We have had ten days of delightfully fine weather. The farmers are ploughing and putting in their winter crops. Nearly all crops here grow in the winter; the summers are too dry. The farming implements are most primitive. The favorite team for ploughing seems to be an ass and a cow.

On the morning of Thanksgiving day we went to the top of the Mount of Olives and climbed the tower of the Russian church there. This tower is about two hundred feet high. It was a fine morning and the view was most extensive.

The Judæan hills lay spread out before us as far as Halhul, near Hebron, on the south, and for more than thirty miles to the northward. To the westward a glimpse of the Mediterranean could be had, while at our feet Jerusalem lay spread out before us like a map. To the east the Dead Sea, the Jordan valley and the "wall of Moab" beyond were in plain view. It was the most extended view that we have had in this part of the country. It was, it is needless to say, greatly enjoyed.

Through the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Merrill the whole American School had a pleasant Thanksgiving dinner together at the Grand New Hotel, which was followed by a very enjoyable evening.

Last week we had an opportunity to watch the clearing out of some tombs, which probably date back to the time of the Asmonæans, about one hundred years B.C. The owners, who were doing it, permitted us to oversee the men, and to make such archæological observations as we desired. The tradition concerning these tombs is that the members of the Jewish Sanhedrin were buried there. No startling discovery resulted from the work, but the experience was very interesting. We were brought into close contact with a gang of Arab laborers, —a very picturesque group—learned something

of their life and point of view, were much in the open air, and had a pleasant change from indoor work. The tombs are situated about a mile and a half from the city.

The Mohammedan month of Ramadan began this year on December first. During this month Mohammedans neither eat nor drink between the break of dawn and sunset. This fast is an inheritance from the days of Arabian heathenism. The poor fellows who worked in the tombs had to fast all day. One feature of this season, which is not so pleasant, is that on the so-called Tower of David, opposite our hotel, they fire a cannon at two o'clock every morning to awaken the Mohammedans to breakfast, and about four a.m. they fire another to let them know that the sacred time has begun, and that they can eat no more till after sunset. We are getting used to the guns now, and last night I slept through them both.

We have had some pleasant drives to points not far from Jerusalem, but they are to places of no Biblical note.

The Germans have established an Archæological School here similar to the American. Its Director, Professor Dalman, is a fine scholar and an agreeable man.

Reports reach us daily of many deaths

at Jaffa from cholera. For some weeks more than fifty deaths each week occurred there. Some of Cook's brave boatmen, who have helped many tourists to land safely, have been numbered among the victims.

A Cow and a Donkey harnessed to a Plow.

Fellahin and their Sheiks.

Jerusalem and the Valley of Jehoshaphat,
as seen from Bir Eyyub.

Bir Eyyub (En Rogel) and the lower
Part of Silwan.

IX.

CHRISTMAS, TEKOAH, HEBRON.

JERUSALEM, January 9th, 1903.

QUARANTINE against Jaffa and the towns of the plain is at last removed. For the first time since October 17th we can move about freely in this part of Palestine. A little cholera lingers about Nablus, but we are glad that this part of the country is now free from the scourge.

The winter here is not much like winter at Bryn Mawr, much less like that in Canada. Up to the present time the temperature has not been below 40° Fahrenheit. Of course we have had no snow. The rains, which take the place of snow, began about the middle of November, but you must not imagine that it has rained all the time since. Sometimes it rains every few minutes for a week. The temperature stands then at about 40° or 45°. At other times there is no rain for a week or ten days, and the sunshine is then very pleasant. During one of these times of sunshine the wind blew and it was cold, but such periods are usually mild and pleasant, the temperature ranging from 50° in the early morning to 70° or more at noon. The sun in this southern latitude is very powerful when it shines.

When it does not rain we manage very well without a fire. They usually keep one in the salon of the hotel, and we sit there a good deal. In the colder weather we have fires in our rooms at times. Wood is very scarce here. It consists chiefly of the roots of defunct olive trees. They are brought into the city in camel loads, donkey loads, and woman loads, for women are among the beasts of burden here. They sell it by weight. We get ours at a low rate, and pay fifteen cents for about a peck. The ceilings of the rooms are from sixteen to eighteen feet high; so it is fortunate that it is not colder, for in real cold weather such a small amount of wood would make little impression on such a space.

On the 22d of last month we went to Ramallah, where they had a Christmas tree for the children. For this purpose they had brought the boys and girls of the two boarding schools together. They had erected a false fireplace and chimney at a doorway, so that by climbing through a transom Santa Claus could come down the chimney. The children had never seen anything of the kind before, and it was fun to see their little Syrian eyes stick out with wonder and pleasure. It did us good to see them so happy, though we could but wonder what the

ultimate effect of grafting Norse mythology on to their Syrian ideas would be.

The next day we visited the three mission day schools in the village and saw the little tots receive their presents. It was a cold day (temperature about 50°), but many of the children, even those of well-to-do parents, were barefooted and thinly clad. It is bad form for women and children in Ramallah to wear shoes even in winter!

A few days before this Ramallah trip the Greeks' St. Nicholas day occurred, and we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher to witness the ecclesiastical ceremonial. The Greek Patriarch, clad in a gorgeous robe, and wearing a crown of diamonds and sparkling jewels, officiated. The church and the supposed tomb of Christ were brilliantly illuminated. Hundreds of variously-colored lamps sparkled everywhere. It was splendid, but how different from the simple life of the "Man of sorrows"!

We spent Christmas rather quietly. During the morning the members of the American School walked out to some hills to the south of the city whence we could see Bethlehem and the Field of the Shepherds, while to the north we obtained a fine view of Jerusalem. We came home through the valley of the brook Kidron,

past En Rogel, and by the village of Silwan, the Biblical Siloam. Together with Dr. and Mrs. Merrill we had a quiet dinner in the evening.

Christmas here is not, in some ways, what one might imagine. It would be more impressive if all were observing it at the same time. Many of the inhabitants are Jews and Moslems, who, of course, do not observe it at all. The Greek, Armenian and Syrian sections of the Church live by the Julian calendar, which is now thirteen days behind ours, so that their Christmas comes that much later. The Armenians do not celebrate Christmas at all, but Epiphany—holding that Christ was not born, but just appeared in the world, so that their celebration comes twelve days later still. The Copts and the Abyssinians have still a different calendar, so that at our Christmas time it is only the Roman Catholics and the Protestants who seem, from our point of view, to be doing right.

We did not go to Bethlehem to the all-night Catholic service. Two of our students did, and when we heard their report, we did not regret having remained at home.

Speaking of time, a Palestinian calendar is a thing to behold! It gives the Gregorian date (ours), the Julian date, the Jewish date, the Moslem date and the Coptic date. Each day is

five different days, and all these are announced in both Arabic and French.

Most of the clocks in Jerusalem are made to keep Turkish time. By this, one o'clock is one hour after sunrise, and it is twelve o'clock at sunset. The length of the hour varies with the seasons of the year. No clock will keep such time, and they have to keep changing them to keep them right. If you arrange with a muleteer to start with you on an expedition at half past six, it must be explained that "*efrangi*" time is meant, or he will not appear till half-past twelve!

January 11th.—I was interrupted the other night, and will continue now. The Mohammedan month of Ramadan, of which I wrote in my last letter, terminated in the feast of Bairam, which lasted three days. During these days they fired the cannon on the Tower of David seven times at five in the morning, a like number of times at nine, at noon, at three in the afternoon, at five, and at half-past six. They have about the same mania for making a noise as the small American boy on the Fourth of July.

There is a remarkable tomb a little to the west of the city, which was, perhaps, built by Herod. It is cut out of the solid rock, and has at its door a large rolling stone, like that which

closed the tomb of Christ. A walk to this recently proved very interesting.

On December 29th we took a donkey for C. to ride, and went down to the village of Silwan, the Biblical Siloam, which lies on the eastern slope of the Kidron valley, just southeast of Jerusalem. The men of the American School were with us. We visited Bir Ayyub (probably En-Rogel), and afterwards came up to the Virgin's Well (probably the Gihon of 1 Kings 1: 33). Here C. dismounted from the donkey to go down the thirty-three steps to the well. When we came up, I tried to lead the donkey up to a stone, so that C. could mount. The donkey pulled, and the bridle broke. While I was mending it, a strong Arab, who was standing by, and whom some of our party knew, suddenly and without warning picked C. up bodily, took her to the donkey, which he approached from the wrong side, lifted her over the beast, so that her feet should come down on the right side, and placed her gently in the saddle!

On the 30th we had a great day. A company of us left Jerusalem on horseback before seven o'clock, rode down through Bethlehem, and struck off to the southeast, through the rough paths which serve here as roads. About ten o'clock we reached Gebel-el-Fureidîs, a mountain which is shaped like the crater of a volcano, on

which Herod the Great had a palace, and where he was buried. The ruins of his buildings may still be seen. We climbed the mountain, and as we came up to the ruins a pretty red fox ran out and sped down the mountain side. It reminded us of what Christ said of Herod Antipas, a son of Herod the Great: "Go and tell that fox."

From the top of this mountain we had a magnificent view of the hills of Judæa as they slope down to the Dead Sea, of that sea itself, and of the Moab hills beyond. About eleven o'clock we mounted and rode across a rough country, up hills and down valleys, and about twelve o'clock came to the Wady Khareitun, in which is a large cave, thought by many to be the Cave of Adullam. After a hasty lunch, we spent more than an hour exploring the cave. Its entrance is high up on the side of a deep gorge, which resembles the pictures of the Grand Canyon of Colorado. The entrance is large enough for a man to enter comfortably. One then passes through passages in which he is compelled to stoop, after which he emerges into a large room of an irregular form. This chamber is, perhaps, one hundred feet long; its height is about thirty feet at the center. Beyond this one can wander on and on through almost endless passages. Sometimes it is necessary to crawl on one's hands and knees, at others to clamber up a

precipice, or to slide down one. Explorers have wandered here for three hours without reaching the end of the cavern. A large body of men could easily be concealed here. It is just the place for such events as those of 1 Sam. 22 or 24, though some, like George Adam Smith, think the Cave of Adullam was elsewhere.

About half after two we mounted again and rode for an hour across country to the ruins of Tekoah, the home of the prophet Amos. Nothing remains at Tekoah now except rock-cut tombs and the ruins of small houses and an old church. In the tombs some wretched Arab shepherds live. A few of them were there with large flocks of sheep and goats, poor successors to Israel's shepherd prophet. The view from Tekoah, which is on a hilltop, is much like that from the top of Gebel Fureidîs. Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the hill country far beyond, appear to the north; to the east, the magnificent view already described, while on the west and south the wrinkled hills of Judæa rise still higher. Israel's prophet of the reign of law grew up in a stern but inspiring atmosphere. About four o'clock we mounted again and rode back toward Bethlehem, which we desired to reach before dark. To do this we galloped over rocky paths and the beds of what in rainy weather are mountain torrents. It was

Gebel Fureidis.

The Ruins of Tekoah.

Wady Khereitun.

Hebron.

reckless riding, but our native horses never stumbled. An American steed would have broken his neck here, not to mention ours. Pausing a little in Bethlehem, we cantered into Jerusalem on the carriage road under the brilliant Judæan stars.

A few days later we visited Bethany, which nestles on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives. Its chief attraction to the visitor is the so-called tomb of Lazarus—a structure in which Lazarus was not, in all probability, laid (see John 11: 38). Near the tomb is the ruin of an old tower, the large drafted stones of which indicate that it is older than the Crusaders. The natives show it as the house of Lazarus!

The next day we went with quite a party to Mar Saba, a monastery founded about 450 A.D. It is about ten miles southeast of Jerusalem, in the valley of the brook Kidron, down toward the Dead Sea. Jerusalem is 2,800 feet above the Mediterranean, and the Dead Sea 1,300 feet below sea-level, while Mar Saba is situated at about the level of the Mediterranean. The monastery is built into the precipitous side of a deep gorge, and seems to stick to the rock like a swallow's nest to the side of a barn. The surrounding country is absolutely devoid of houses, though one sees occasionally an Arabian tent. The monks here are very careful not to let any

woman into the sacred precincts. It is said that neither a hen, nor a side-saddle, may pass the gates!

This was C.'s first whole day on horseback. She bore herself well and endured it nobly. We left Jerusalem about eight in the morning, ate our lunch out of doors, and were at home again about four in the afternoon.

On our return we found that the accumulated mail of three weeks had arrived. We had had none in all that time; it had accumulated at some point on the way, and had come in all at once. We had become very thirsty for news of home, and these letters were most welcome.

These excursions were the diversion of our Christmas holidays. We have since taken up the regular work of the school again. Notwithstanding this, we made an interesting excursion to Hebron yesterday. Leaving Jerusalem before seven o'clock, we reached Hebron, twenty-two and a half miles distant, about twelve. The horses and the driver were all slow and the roads were heavy. Starting so early we saw the sun rise over the Moab hills. The drive past Bethlehem, Solomon's Pools, Maarath, Gedor, Beth-Zur, Halhul (Josh. 15: 58), to Hebron, was very pleasant.

Hebron is situated in a valley between the peaks of the Judæan hills, about four hundred

feet higher than the level of Jerusalem. It has at present between 15,000 and 18,000 inhabitants. Of these perhaps twenty are Christians, a few hundred are Jews, and the rest are very fanatical Moslems. They not infrequently stone strangers; indeed, we did not escape without a little of that honor, and C. was spat upon. We found Mr. and Mrs. Murray, the Christian Alliance missionaries, very kind and helpful. Mr. Murray escorted us about the town, but it took in addition the help of two soldiers to keep the mob from us.

There is in the town an old pool—perhaps the one over which David hung the hands and feet of Ishbosheth's murderers (2 Sam. 4: 12). There is an imposing mosque, said to be built over the cave of Machpelah. No Christian is permitted to enter it without an order from the Sultan at Constantinople. As this permission is only granted to princes or ambassadors, we had to be content with the ascent of the seven steps, on which the ordinary non-Moslem may tread. Just at the top of these seven steps is a cavern formed by a hollow stone in the wall. The opening is small, but the interior is much larger. Ignorant Jews often write letters to Abraham and throw them in here. They think that in this way they can tell him what they desire, and persuade him to intercede with God

for them. Frequently it is possible to reach one's arm in and rob Abraham's letter box! We did not have that pleasure, however. Apparently some other vandals had been there before us.

Hebron is surrounded by vineyards, and is beautiful to look upon, but within it is inexpressibly filthy. We wandered about in the dark alleys which serve as streets, and saw some of the native industries. Glass blowers, making glass bracelets in attractive colors, over a most primitive furnace heated with wood, interested us especially.

A little more than a mile northwest of Hebron stands a very old oak tree, which since the sixteenth century has been shown as the Oak of Mamre, under which Abraham dwelt (Gen. 18: 1). Abraham's oak must have been on one of these hills, and this, if not a descendant of it, is a descendant of one of its kind. The Russians now have a hospice here for pilgrims. From the roof of this, looking through a gap in the hills, we could see the plains of Philistia, the city of Askelon, and a large expanse of the Mediterranean beyond. A little to the east of this point one can look out over the Dead Sea and the marvelous panorama beyond. Men who live on these Judæan hills are not shut up to small views of the world.

As we drove back to Jerusalem, just at dusk, we saw two foxes. Soon the daylight changed to moonlight, which shed a beautiful radiance over these grizzled old hills. We met belated Arabs and camels trudging along with their slow, regular tread. In the moonlight they seemed weird and unreal. Away to the east, by the light of the moon, we could distinctly see the hills of Moab more than forty miles away!

X

BAPTISMS, THE JORDAN, THE DEAD SEA AND A WEDDING.

JERUSALEM, February 21st, 1903.

I HAVE been too busy of late to keep up my letters. I have thought sometimes that you would have no idea from my letters that I have anything to do but to travel and have a good time. As a matter of fact I am having a very busy winter, and the busiest part of it is when I am not seeing anything of interest to write about. One cannot be President, Faculty and Librarian of an institution all at once without having a great deal to do. My poor advice has been sought by some of the missionaries, too. I cannot claim to have given them helpful wisdom, but have given them some time and much sympathy. The details of it all would not prove entertaining.

Since I wrote last some interesting things have, nevertheless, been done and seen. One Saturday I rode out to Ramallah on horseback, spent the night, attended meeting on Sunday, and rode back to Jerusalem that afternoon. After our meeting that day I was invited with Mr. and Mrs. G. to attend a Greek baptism. I had met the father of the child at the Friends'

meeting two months before. The baptism proved a most interesting ceremony, but made me more than ever thankful for my Quaker birthright.

The Bishop had come out from Jerusalem for the baptism, and five other parents besides our host had taken advantage of the circumstance, so that there was not one child, but six to be baptized. The day was cold. A disagreeable east wind was blowing, and the church had never had a fire in it. The font was quite deep, and was filled half full of warm water. The people stood around the font in a picturesque group. There were no seats in the church. The Bishop, accompanied by a group of priests, came in and stood near. The Bishop and a priest read a long service in Greek, while people and even the priests were walking about and talking with one another. Then the children were stripped perfectly naked, and the Bishop, reading Greek indistinctly, anointed with oil the forehead, back of the neck, stomach and soles of the feet of each child. A priest then took them one by one and dipped them three times, head first, into the water, holding them by the feet and back of the neck. Most of them howled well, though one pale, puny thing, seemed too ill even to cry. Each one had then to be anointed again. While they were being dressed

the priest came around with scissors and clipped three locks of hair from the head of each. Everything was done in threes, in symbol of the trinity. When the children were dressed they were carried in procession around the reading desk in front of the high altar, while more Greek ritual was read. No one paid more attention to this reading than they had to the preceding. Then the doors of the high altar were opened, the boys were carried in and laid on the altar, while the girls were laid on the step that leads to the altar. This difference is made, because no female is permitted to enter within the most sacred precincts! This ended the ceremony. Considering the weather, and the nature of the exposure, I wonder that any of the children lived. They were all very young.

February 22d.—I was interrupted at this point last night. A few days after the incidents of which I last spoke, we visited the "Convent of the Sisters of Zion," the home of a Roman Catholic sisterhood. The convent stands near the Temple Area, near the site of the ancient castle of Antonia, from the steps of which Paul made the address referred to in Acts 22. In excavating for the foundations of this convent they came upon an old Roman arch, which some think formed a part of the palace of Pilate.

Jericho and the Jordan Valley
from the last of the Judæan Hills.

The Dead Sea and Mountains of Moab.

The Jordan and a characteristic
Hill of Clay.

A bridge over the Jordan.

Possibly this is correct, though it is, perhaps, more probable that Pilate lived in the old palace of Herod near the Jaffa Gate—the structure which is now called the "Tower of David." The Catholics believe that, at a window at the top of the arch, in the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, was the place where Pilate brought Jesus out where the multitude could see Him, and said, "Behold the man!"

In a basement of the same convent there is a Roman pavement, on which are marked the squares of games which the Roman soldiers used to play. If this were the site of Pilate's palace, this might be the pavement on which Christ was mocked by the soldiers—the place, too, where Peter denied his Master. One cannot, however, in the present state of our knowledge, be at all sure of the locality of any of these scenes.

Some days later than our visit to the Sisters of Zion, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Merrill, and some other friends, the American School started for Jericho. We filled two carriages. The ride is most interesting. In eighteen miles one descends 4,000 feet, going down and down until 1,200 feet below the level of the sea.

We did not fall among thieves, like a man who once went from Jerusalem to Jericho, though a sack of barley, which one of our

drivers was taking for his horses, did. It fell off the back of the last carriage, and we went half a mile before it was missed. While we waited both our drivers went back in search of it. It was more than an hour before they found it. A peasant woman who was passing had dragged it down into a gorge and hidden it among the rocks, and they had to bribe her to show them where it lay!

About four miles before the road reaches Jericho it winds along the bank of a gorge—the Wady-el-Kelt—which yawns a thousand feet below it. Along the bottom of this gorge a perennial brook runs. The valley has been identified with the valley of Achor (Josh. 7: 24), and the stream with the brook Cherith (1 Kings 17: 3). The first of these identifications is, perhaps, right, but the second does not seem so probable.

The present Jericho is a wretched little village, the huts in which are built of sun-dried bricks. They accommodate about three hundred people. In America we still think of Jericho as an important city. The owner of a large flour mill in one of our western cities recently wrote to the American Consul at Jerusalem, asking if he would be so kind as to send the names of the leading flour merchants of Jericho! If he could see the inhabitants once he would

think they had never seen any flour. Three or four hotels for tourists, a Greek convent and a mosque relieve, however, a little the abject appearance of the hamlet.

Jericho is situated about two miles from the last of the Judæan hills in a broad valley which slopes gently down to the Jordan, seven or eight miles to the east. On the other side of the river the plain gradually rises for nine or ten miles till the foothills of the mountains of Moab are reached. It is a magnificent valley. When one approaches within a mile of the Jordan this plain is broken up into sand, or clay hills, which the water has worn into various curious shapes, sometimes resembling turreted castles. This series of hills extends for about the same distance on the other side of the river. The Jordan itself winds through the lowest part of these, flanked on either side with a luxuriant growth of brushwood, among which one finds acacia, or "shittim" wood. The Dead Sea fills the Jordan Valley to the southward, beginning ten or twelve miles to the south of Jericho. Altogether it is a most remarkable valley. Nowhere else on the surface of the earth can one get so far below the level of the sea and still be above ground. The Dead Sea is itself 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

We reached our hotel in Jericho about half-

past eleven, and after lunch drove to the Dead Sea. Some of us had taken bathing suits and had a good bath. One is here so far below the sea level that the climate is tropical. Although the day was the 5th of February, we were quite warm enough in the water. Both the water and the atmosphere had a temperature of about 70° F.

A little way from our bathing place we could see workers in salt preparing that article for use. Much salt exists in crystals in the bed of the Jordan Valley and along the shores of the Dead Sea. We picked up a large crystal on which we chanced and brought it home. I also obtained a piece of bitumen, which sometimes floats ashore in the waters of the Dead Sea.

Later in the afternoon we drove to the Jordan, to the place where the Greeks believe that Christ was baptized. The Greeks have a large monastery here, to which thousands of Russian pilgrims come every year to be baptized in the Jordan. They are immersed in a white robe, which they take back to Russia with them to be buried in. We drove back to Jericho past what is, perhaps, the site of the Biblical Gilgal.

The next morning we drove toward the Jordan at a point some miles further up the stream than that visited the day before. As there is no carriage road through the sand hills at this

place, we were compelled to take to donkeys for the last mile of the way. We thus reached an old bridge over the Jordan, and were able to get across to the eastern shore. On the east side we came upon a group of natives measuring grain, and were much interested in watching them. They were giving good measure, as they usually do here, "pressed down, shaken together and running over." While we were at the bridge the most powerful Sheik of the tribes beyond Jordan came across, accompanied by two spearsmen. They were all riding fine Arab steeds. When he found that the American Consul was of our party, he invited us all to go on to his home and become his guests—an invitation which we could not well accept. He is a grandson of Sheik Ali Diab, who was very famous and powerful east of the Jordan during the early part of the last century.

Before returning to Jericho we drove to Ain-es-Sultan, popularly called "Elisha's fountain," because it is supposed to be the one which he miraculously sweetened (2 Kings 2: 19-22). It lies about a mile to the north of the present village of Jericho. Just above the fountain rises a mound, which was doubtless the site of the Jericho besieged by Joshua. At a point just over the spring the house of Rahab, the harlot, used to be shown.

That afternoon we took the donkeys and went up the Wady-el-Kelt (Valley of Achor?) to an old Greek convent. It is a most wonderful valley. The sides are of perpendicular rock. The monastery and a number of smaller hermitages are built into its sides. It seldom rains near Jericho, but that afternoon a thunder shower passed over, and caught us in the valley. We took refuge under overhanging cliffs, and did not get much wet. It was grand to hear the thunder echoing among the rocks and hills. C. gathered more than thirty varieties of flowers that day.

Heavy rains came on that night and the next day, so we had to give up further sight-seeing and return to Jerusalem.

On the morning of February 15th the daughter of the proprietor of our hotel, who is a native Catholic, was married. They had the wedding festivities the night before, and we were invited. As they were Christians, men and women met together; but in every other respect the wedding followed the customs of the country. The bride did not appear at all; the groom was having a separate feast at another house. About eighty people, including babies were in one room. Along one end of it women, ranging in age from twenty-five to seventy, sat on chairs, or squatted on cushions, smoking nagalehs, or

large Turkish waterpipes. On the floor, at the other end of the room, a group of young men squatted, playing tum-tums and executing a kind of exercise, which they called singing. Occasionally some very rich refreshments were passed. It was very interesting. We left at half after ten, but most of them remained till the bridal pair went to church at six in the morning. Before that hour came, however, the wife of a cousin of the bride—a guest at the wedding that night—was delivered of a daughter!

Two days later we were called upon by a friend, a native Catholic, to witness the christening of his son. Of course a Catholic christening is not such a rarity to us as a Greek. It is much less exposing, too, for they only put the water on the child's head. It can be robbed of impressiveness, though, if the priest mumbles and hurries the service.

There is still quarantine between Palestine and Egypt, both going and coming. We shall not be able, therefore, to visit Egypt until we leave here on our homeward way.

On the morning of January 20th there was snow on the distant hills, but it quickly disappeared.

XI.

MIZPEH, BETHEL, WADY MIKMAS AND GEZER.

ABU SHUSHEH (Biblical Gezer).
March 8th, 1903.

C., C. C. and I are spending this Sunday in a manor house belonging to a large estate on the site of that city which Solomon's Egyptian father-in-law gave his daughter as a dowry (1 Kings 9: 16). We look out of our windows to the west clear across the Philistine plain to the Mediterranean. The site of ancient Ekron lies to the southwest of us in plain sight. We are on the last of the foot-hills of the Judæan Mountains. Between this hill and those mountains is a fertile valley eight or ten miles wide, beyond which the Judæan Mountains rise blue and beautiful.

This house is at present under the control of a friend of ours who is now in Jerusalem. Just now we are his guests. Several hundred acres of land belong to this house, and an Arab village is connected with the estate. On the farm are a hundred cattle or more, hundreds of sheep and goats, besides horses, donkeys and camels. I cannot get rid of the feeling that we are in the middle ages, and that an army of crusading

The site of the Old Testament Jericho.

Convent of St. George in Wady el-Kelt.

Beitin (Bethel).

In Wady Mikmas.

knights may appear at any time. Why we are here I will explain later.

First, let me tell of an excursion which we made in February. One has no idea before visiting Palestine how thickly the country around Jerusalem is dotted with places of Biblical interest. One morning we left Jerusalem on horseback a little before nine o'clock, and, riding over a road which would not be smooth even for a goat, reached the site of Mizpeh (1 Sam. 10: 17; 2 Kings 25: 23), before eleven. It is a fine situation, about five miles northwest of Jerusalem. It is the highest point in that region, being 2,934 feet above the level of the sea. A mosque now crowns the hill, and the Mohammedans, believing it to be the site of the grave of Samuel, have named the place Nebi Samwil. From the minaret of the mosque one obtains a delightful outlook. Much of the land of Benjamin lay spread out before us. To the left the Valley of Aijalon stretched away, while many other valleys were in view. In the distance the Philistine plain could be seen, and beyond it the blue Mediterranean. On a clear day one can see from this point Mounts Carmel, Ebal and Gerizim; but, unfortunately, when we were there the day was too hazy.

Across a plain, perhaps a mile in width, there

rises to the north of Nebi Samwil a hill, surmounted by a village which is called El-Jib. This is the ancient Gibeon, whose inhabitants cheated Joshua (Josh. 9: 3 ff.), and where he afterward asked the sun to stand still (Josh. 10: 12). Thither we next went. The present village is a small and wretched affair. Its inhabitants would no doubt cheat another Joshua, if they had a chance. There is little about the place, except an old spring, to indicate its antiquity.

From here we went northward, spending the afternoon in examining various rock-cut tombs. During a part of the afternoon we could plainly see Upper Beth-Horon (Joshua 16: 5).

Passing the night at the Mission at Ramallah, we were joined the next day by Mr. and Mrs. G. This day's excursion took us first to Bêtin, the ancient Bethel. On the way thither we passed a most interesting rock-cut cavern, which is lined with beautiful, luxuriant maidenhair fern. The soft limestone of this country is easily cut, and the ancient inhabitants of the country have utilized this quality of the rock to the fullest extent. Primitive dwellings, wine vats, oil presses and tombs are very abundant. Bethel is the place of Jacob's dream (Gen. 28: 11-19), the site of one of Israel's temples (1 Kings 12: 29), and the scene of the ministry

of the prophet Amos (Amos 7: 13). North of the present village there is a most remarkable collection of rocks. The limestone backbone of the country comes to the surface here, and the vertebræ are worn by the weather into grotesque shapes. It looks like a playhouse of the gods—as though they had amused themselves twisting rocks into all sorts of peculiar forms, as children might molasses candy. Perhaps Jacob's pillow was one of these stones.

A little east of Bêtin is a hill. It is probably the one on which Abraham is said to have encamped (Gen. 12: 8 and 13: 3). Bethel is only about fifteen miles north of Jerusalem, which can be plainly seen from this high position. A little further to the east is a mound called Et-Tell. It is, perhaps, the site of the Ai, which was captured by Joshua (Josh. 8: 1 ff.) A little further on we passed through the wretched Moslem village of Der Diwan. As we descended from this hamlet into the valley by which the Israelites came up from Jericho to Ai an excellent view was obtained of Rammun, which is situated on a hill to the eastward. This is the rock Rimmon of Judges 20: 45-47. Crossing the valley which leads up from Jericho, we entered the Wady-el-Ain, which led us in due time to the village of Et-Tayyibeh, where the Friends have one of their mission day

schools—a little source of uplift in the midst of much darkness.

Et-Tayyibeh is situated on one of the last hills to the eastward of the central Palestinian range. Beyond it the ground slopes rapidly into the Jordan valley. It was the Ophra of Benjamin (Josh. 18: 23), it is the Ephraim into the neighborhood of which Absalom went for his sheep shearing (2 Sam. 13: 27), and, perhaps, the Ephraim to which Jesus withdrew for a time shortly before His crucifixion (John 11: 54). A ruin of an old Greek church here interested us much.

Returning to Ramallah to sleep, we were off again early the next morning. Riding through Bireh (the Beeroth of Josh. 9: 17), we passed on to Mikmas (Michmash), where the Philistines encamped in the days of King Saul (1 Sam. 13: 16), and then descended into the Wady Mikmas. This is the " Passage of Michmash (1 Sam. 13: 23). We planned to go over it as Jonathan endeavored to go over unto the Philistines, only we were going in the opposite direction, and could plainly see the modern successor of the village of Geba (1 Sam. 13: 3), which is on the south side of the valley. Our guide, though he professed to know the way, in reality did not, and instead of taking us across the valley he led us into a path which runs lengthwise of it. The

valley itself is a remarkable gorge cut deep into the cliffs, resembling the Wady-el-Kelt near Jericho. The path on which we started followed at first the bed of the valley, but little by little it rose higher and higher as it wound like a thread along the side of these precipitous cliffs. At times it was very slippery, and the chasm which yawned a hundred feet below us made progress interesting, to say the least. Along this course we wandered for more than two hours. Hunger compelled us to stop for lunch, which extended the time to more than three hours. We did not dare to ride our horses, and it is well that we did not, for three different horses at different times lost their footing and slipped to the bottom of the valley. Fortunately these accidents occurred when we were on the lower parts of the path, or the horses would never have survived. The most serious of these events involved one of the best horses in the company. He lost his footing, and in struggling to regain it rolled over the rocks, fell into the bottom of the valley about fifteen feet, landing on his back with his feet in the air. Fortunately the saddle protected his spine from the stones. The breath was knocked out of him, but after shaking himself he was able to resume his journey as well, apparently, as before the fall.

Another incident of this exciting day consisted of an encounter with a native hunter, whom we met high up in this valley. At my request our muleteer began to negotiate with him to act as guide to lead us out. As we would not agree to his exorbitant demands, he threatened to use his gun on us. We were all unarmed. The muleteer yelled to him that we were all soldiers (we were wearing cork helmets), and that if he attacked us he would surely be killed! He immediately became friendly, guided us out of the valley, ate our food, took what money we gave him, gathered flowers for one of the ladies, and seemed happy.

Issuing at last from this "valley of the shadow of death," and passing over a hill, we descended into another valley where there is a perpetual spring. The spring is called Ain Fara, and some believe it to be the "still waters" and "green pastures" referred to in Psalm 23: 2. After resting here for awhile, and examining some rock-cut caverns, we climbed up again over the Judæan hills, and made our way in a southwesterly direction to Anata, the Anathoth of Scripture, the birthplace of the prophet Jeremiah (Jer. 32: 7, 9). Anata is about three miles to the northeast of Jerusalem. From here we

passed over hill and dale, reaching Jerusalem just at dusk, after an absence of three days.

The past week we have been spending here at the camp of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Many Americans are contributors to the fund, and Mr. Macalister, the explorer, invited us as a school to spend a week with him and watch his work. We took two tents, added them to his camp, and most of us lived there. Mr. Murad, who has charge of this estate, arranged for two of our number to be entertained in the large house of the estate here at Abu Shusheh.

We drove down from Jerusalem in a carriage, passing on the way Koloniyeh, the probable site of Emmaus (Luke 24: 13), and Abu Gosh, the probable site of Kirjath-Jearim (1 Sam. 6: 21 to 7: 2). It was to us a view of the Judæan hills which we had not before obtained.

It has been a great week! A trench was begun at the top of the mound the day we arrived, and we have watched it descend to the native rock. The work is done by a force of eighty workers. The majority are women, who carry the earth away on their heads. First the walls of the post-exilic Jewish city appeared and were demolished; then the walls of the pre-exilic Hebrew city; and lastly, the walls of the pre-Israelitish city. The work has been in

progress on the mound since last June, and Mr. Macalister believes he has discovered traces of seven different occupations of the tell, the earliest of which he places about 3000 B.C. He has, apparently, found the city wall repaired by Solomon (1 Kings 9: 15-17), and two walls which are still older. Even before the hill was surrounded by walls at all it was inhabited by cave-dwellers.*

One of the most interesting of the discoveries made here is an old temple of Ashtoreth that contains a line of pillars such as are denounced in the book of Deuteronomy (Deut. 7: 5). Since we have been here Mr. M. has discovered a brazen serpent. It is most interesting to be engaged in such work. How I should enjoy a year or two of it!

The air here at old Gezer has been balmy and the scenery beautiful. Flowers have been abundant in the country about and have added their glory to the landscape. The farm, as I said above, has many animals of all kinds—cows, sheep, goats, donkeys, horses and camels. This is the season when lambs and little kids, young colts and donkeys, abound, and we have

* Further excavation has led Mr. Macalister to modify these views in some respects. See his report in *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund, July, 1904.

much enjoyed watching them. We have seen how carefully they are driven into a fold at night, and have had many illustrations of Biblical incidents. The whole American School had a united ride on camels the other day. The ship of the desert is a most useful beast, but it must be confessed that there are more comfortable means of locomotion.

With the exception of Dr. Peters, of New York, we are the first Americans to visit Gezer since the excavation made it possible actually to visit the ancient city. C. is the first American woman to visit the old city, and the only woman who will ever enter a certain burial cave, as it has now been closed up again.

One of the interesting incidents of each day here has been the gathering of the leaders of the various gangs of workers about Mr. Macalister's tent at night to receive "backsheesh" for the antiquities found during the day. They would have made quite as good a representation of the Israelitish prophets as the figures painted by Sargent on the walls of the Boston Public Library.

XII.

IN THE LAND BEYOND JORDAN.

In camp by the Jordan, seven miles from Jericho,

March 19th, 1903.

My last letter was written from the Biblical Gezer. On the next day after I wrote we left Gezer on horse and donkey back, a motley group. I had sent for a carriage to come up from Ramleh and take us back, but the heavy rain of the previous day and night had made the road so muddy that the carriage could not get within two miles of us. We accordingly mounted such animals as could be found. They consisted of one good horse with a saddle, one donkey with a saddle, one donkey without saddle and a donkey for the luggage. In due time we reached Kubab, on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and found there the worst ramshackle old coach that you can imagine. To this Noah's ark of a vehicle were attached three horses which should long ago have fed the crows. When we were loaded two men mounted the driver's seat in front, one of whom held the reins and yelled, while the other beat the horses with a stick. If I asked either of them a question, so that his

Excavating at Abu Shusheh (Gezer).

 The Temple of Ashtoreth, Gezer.

The traditional Mount of Temptation, near Jericho.

Cromlech on Mount Nebo.

part of the engineering process was temporarily suspended while he answered me, the beasts refused to pull and the carriage stopped. The road was very heavy anyway, and they were frequently stuck, even when all pressure was applied to them. It was a strange ride, but the strangest part of it was that we reached Ramleh in time to catch the train.

Ramleh is at present the most important inland town of the maritime plain of Palestine. It dates entirely from the Saracenic period, and is, therefore, of no Biblical interest.

In Jaffa there was first business for the School in Jerusalem to be attended to, after which a friend of ours there gave us some fine drives into the country and along the beach. We also enjoyed some visits to his orange garden, the trees of which were heavily laden with oranges. Oranges are, we find, most enjoyable when one picks them, large and luscious, from the tree for himself.

The largest of those which we saw weighed more than a pound, and measured sixteen inches in circumference.

On the afternoon of the 10th we returned to Jerusalem by the railway. On the way we had a better view of the site of Bethshemesh, to which the ark was taken after its release by the

Philistines (1 Sam. 6: 12), and of the site of Zorah, the birthplace of Samson (Jud. 13: 2), than we had had before.

During our absence many travelers had come to Jerusalem from America and elsewhere. Some of these were known to us. Isaac H. Clothier and his family, of Philadelphia, had already departed, but we enjoyed Dr. Wayland Hoyt, and Professor Woody, of Guilford College, to name no others. Then followed a busy week of teaching, business and letter-writing.

So many Protestants were in Jerusalem on the 15th that they held a service on the spot which General Gordon thought might be Calvary, and which many people believe to really be the hill on which Christ was crucified. It was very impressive.

Just now I am on a trip to the trans-Jordanic lands of Reuben and Gad. Two of the students of the School are with me, and we are equipped with two tents, three muleteers and a boy, seven horses and a donkey. We are, of course, traveling on horseback. We left Jerusalem yesterday, the 18th, about 7.30 a.m., and rode before lunch down to the mound where the Jericho of Joshua's time was situated. On our way down we met hundreds of Russian pilgrims returning from the Jordan. Some were on foot, some on donkeys, some were barefooted, some

bareheaded, some carrying bundles of clothing, and some samovars. Altogether they were a varied throng. They come here by the thousands every year from Russia. They are brought by steamships from Black Sea ports to Jaffa. After they arrive here most of them tramp through the land, as only a few can afford to hire donkeys. They all go to the Jordan to be baptized, and the robe in which they have been immersed in the sacred river is taken back to Russia to be used as a winding sheet. They attach great significance to it.

We also met more than three hundred camels, which were bringing wheat from the trans-Jordanic lands to Jerusalem. Quarantine has prevented the marketing of grain hitherto, so that now it is pouring in in large quantities.

Arriving at the mound above Ain es-Sultan (Elisha's Fountain), about half-past twelve, we sat down for lunch directly above the fountain that Elisha is said to have sweetened (2 Kings 2: 19-22), and near the spot that used to be shown as the site of the house of Rahab, the harlot. The mountain on which the church tradition places the temptation of Christ was in plain view about two miles to the west of us. The temperature had been 52° at Jerusalem that morning; it was 93° in the shade at Jericho.

After lunch we climbed the Mount of Temp-

tation, to the side of which a Greek monastery clings like a bird's nest, and gained from the top a magnificent view. The Jordan Valley and Dead Sea were spread out before us like a map. To the east the trans-Jordanic mountains arose, bold, rugged and beautiful, while in the far north snow-capped Hermon raised its hoary head. Although from here one can see "all the kingdoms of the world" only with the mind's eye, the view is certainly extensive.

After descending the mountain, we came down here, whither our camp had preceded us, got supper and went to bed. The night was not the most restful that could be imagined, because the jackals, dogs and Arabs each seemed to be trying to make more noise than the others. It rained soon after we reached camp, and the rain continued at intervals all night. This morning we can see that it is raining in the mountains whither we wish to go much more heavily than it is here. The deep depression of this valley keeps the temperature high, so that when rain-clouds which have precipitated much water on the Judæan hills are crossing it to the east-Jordanic hills, where they will again pour down their volumes of water, they are prevented from condensing to any considerable degree. The rain in the mountains has made a change of plan necessary. We have sent back to Jericho for

more provisions, intending to cross the Jordan later and encamp at the foot of the mountains on the other side.

The Russians come long distances to be baptized in the Jordan, but we have done even better than they, having taken some of the sacred river into our systems. It is very roily, and is probably full of germs, but after it has settled and been boiled it is better than no water.

Amman, March 21st, 7 p.m.—We are encamping to-night on the site of Rabbah, which Joab was besieging when he, at David's order, exposed Uriah the Hittite to death (2 Sam. 11 and 12). While I am waiting for supper to cook I will write a few words. On a trip like this there is no time for writing. We rise at 5 a.m., cook our breakfast, superintend the packing of the tents, pack the dishes ourselves, start the caravan and begin to travel ourselves. At night we find our tents which the men have pitched, get our supper, and are tired enough to sleep at once. To-day we have ridden twenty miles on our horses and have done much besides. But let me begin my story where I stopped at the Jordan. About eleven o'clock we crossed the Jordan by the old bridge shown in a previous picture, and rode across the gradually ascending plain on the east side of the river till half-past twelve. We then arrived at Tell Nim-

rîn, situated just at the first of the foothills of the east-Jordanic mountains. This is the site of Beth-Nimrah (Num. 32: 36, and Josh. 13: 27), a "fortified city and a fold for sheep" of the tribe of Gad. A stream of considerable size flows out of the mountains at this point and cuts its way across the plain to the Jordan. This place is with some probability thought to be the Bethabara (variant, Bethany) of John 1: 28, where John the Baptist baptized. From this point we obtained a beautiful view of the Jordan valley and the Judæan mountains from the east. While we were eating lunch here our muleteer, who understands the mysteries of this land, went to a neighboring hillock to pay his respects to an Arab sheik, whom he had perceived sitting on that elevated spot watching his herdsmen and laborers. I suppose he told the sheik that he was accompanying an American sheik and some "*Khawajahs*" (lords), for when he returned the sheik came back with him. We did everything we could to entertain the guest according to Oriental etiquette. One of the party had some cigarettes, brought to secure the good will of just such men, and the sheik smoked them with evident satisfaction. We had no coffee with us, as we do not drink it in the middle of the day, but with many apologies for this lack, we treated him to hot lemonade.

After eating and smoking he took us to a hill and showed us his granary. His tribe lives near ancient Heshbon in summer. They move down here in the winter to cultivate the fields. After the harvest they store their grain in a cave to which they have adapted a wooden door. He told us of his flocks and herds, of his sons and daughters, and of his flour mill at Hesban (Heshbon), and then when we mounted to ride away he asked me for a "backsheesh" (gift). I was hardly prepared for this, but suppose his attitude was much the same as that of the frank old Assyrian king, who, in one of the El-Amarna letters, about 1400 B.C., wrote to the king of Egypt that he was sending him such and such a present, and specified very definitely the kind of present he would like in return. I managed to recover from my astonishment, and explained to him as well as my poor Arabic would permit, that I was far from home and did not have with me a present suitable for such a great sheik.

From Tell Nimrîn we rode along the base of the mountains in a southerly direction to Tell-er-Rameh. This was the site of Beth-Haran, a city mentioned in connection with Beth-Nimrah in the books of Numbers and Joshua. Near this are some warm springs, and hither Herod the Great came in his last illness. Near this mound we found our tents pitched. The men

had secured chickens from some neighboring Arabs, and we had a good dinner. For a silver coin an Arab guarded our camp, and we had a good night.

At the point where we slept we were 700 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. During the night a heavy thunder storm passed over us, and the rain continued into the morning. We did not get our caravan in motion, therefore, until 9.45. We then climbed up and up the mountain till 12.45, having stopped forty minutes on the way to examine some fallen columns inscribed in Latin letters. At 12.45 we stopped at Aiyun Musa (the Fountains of Moses), in the side of Mount Nebo, for lunch. The water here pours forth from the solid rock in abundance. It is warm as it comes out, and must be connected with volcanic heat. At this point we were more than 1,500 feet above the Mediterranean, or more than 2,200 feet above our starting point in the morning. After lunch we went on to Mount Nebo and to Pisgah. Pisgah is probably to be identified with a peak called Gebel Ziagha, a peak of Mount Nebo which is not quite so high as Nebo itself, but as it projects out over the great chasm which forms the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, it affords a much more extensive view.

This was a great day. Think of standing

where Moses stood and getting his view of Canaan! Though we had ridden a part of the morning in a gentle rain, the clouds had cleared so that we obtained the view, which was remarkable in its extent, its variety and its beauty. I could not do it justice, even if I had time to try to describe it. Some of its features are mentioned in Deut. 34: 2, 3; but it must be seen to be appreciated!

Here, while I was taking a photograph, an Arab boy stole my traveling cap from my saddle bag. It was not missed till it was too late. I thus made an unwilling offering at the shrine of Moses.

From Mount Nebo we rode to the southeast across an undulating plain that is nearly as high as the top of Mount Nebo, to Medeba (Num. 21: 30; Josh. 13: 9), a town which has preserved its identity from pre-Israelitish times to the present. On the way we passed several encampments of black Arabian tents. These tents have been from the dawn of history an unchanging feature of this country. Wave after wave of such encampments has up to the present hour surged up to these fertile lands from the vast wastes of Arabia, from a time long anterior to the dawn of history. It is for this reason that this country has never been fully civilized. Moabites, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans and Cru-

saders have come and planted a fortified town here and there, have lived awhile and passed into oblivion; but the stream of black tents which was here before them, and which surged about their fortified cities while they were here, are here still. They are individually transient, but collectively they are the one permanent feature of the country. Their inhabitants are to-day much the same that they were before the dawn of history. They have remained untouched by all the types of civilization which have touched the country.

Medeba is situated in the midst of an undulating and fertile upland plain which extends from Heshbon on the north to the valley of the Arnon on the south. From the mountains overlooking the Dead Sea to the desert on the east, this plain is about thirty miles wide. The soil is rich and red. Wheat and other crops are now growing luxuriantly upon it. It reminds one of eastern Pennsylvania or New Jersey.

At Medeba we found our tents pitched on a ploughed field which the rain had made a field of mud. This made a damp sleeping apartment, and the night was cold in this elevated region. This morning, through the kindness of some priests—Greek and Roman Catholic—to whom we had brought letters of introduction from Jerusalem, we spent some time in examining

some beautiful Christian Mosaics of the fourth or fifth century A.D. At that period Medeba was the seat of a Christian bishopric, and many churches and monasteries flourished here. The pious builders exhibited their devotion and their taste in making fine mosaic floors in their buildings. These buildings have long since gone to decay, but in little hovels, cow stables and court yards, where children and goats vie with one another in breeding filth and destruction, one may still see beautiful remains of this exquisite Christian workmanship. One piece of work—a mosaic map of Palestine—has been enclosed in the present Greek church and is preserved with great care.

From Medeba we could look out to the site of Baal-Meon (Num. 32: 38; Josh. 13: 17), and on to the valley of the Arnon, which cuts a deep gash right through this elevated plain.

Leaving Medeba about eleven o'clock we rode northward to the site of Heshbon, the capital of Sihon, king of the Amorites (Num. 21: 25-34; Deut. 1: 4). Here we stopped for lunch. This was a grand place for a city! Situated 2,950 feet above the Mediterranean, it is 600 feet higher than the top of Mount Pisgah, on which one looks down from Heshbon. A notch in the mountains to the westward discloses the marvelous Jordan valley, and the long, grand stretch

of the Judæan mountains beyond. From here the Judæan mountains are even more impressive than the mountains of Moab and Gilead are from the west of the Jordan. To the south one looks out over the gently rolling and fertile country already described to the valley of the Arnon and further. Sihon knew where to place his capital. It gives one a new respect for him to visit the spot.

We left Heshbon about 2 p.m., and rode continuously, arriving here about 6 p.m. The way lay at first across a high table land, from which we could see, now the Jordan valley and the beautiful mountains beyond, and now a hundred miles or more into Arabia to the eastward, where hill melts into hill till all are lost in the distant blue. Next we rode for an hour over a sandy, thorny, sulphurous upland, evidently of volcanic origin, after which we entered the Valley of Amman, which we followed to this place.

Wady Umm Rumman (near the Jabbok in the Mountains of Gilead), March 22d, 8.30 p.m.—Here we are, ready, like Jacob (Gen. 32), to cross the Jabbok on the morrow, only he crossed in the opposite direction from that in which we are going. Last night we rested pretty well at Amman. It was quite cold, being 40° at 6.30 a.m., but we have become accustomed to

prepare for great changes of temperature. Amman is 200 feet higher than Jerusalem. This accounts in some measure for the cold. Between one and two o'clock one of our horses slipped his tether three times and every time came and got tangled up in the ropes of our tent, pulling up the tent pins and letting the canvas down upon us. This is one of the humorous incidents of travel here, though when one is sleepy it is not always easy to appreciate the humor.

Arising at 5.30, the camp was packed and started at nine, when we set out to explore. Interesting events have transpired here. Whether the town was taken by the Israelites at the time of the conquest is doubtful. It is mentioned in Josh. 13: 25, in connection with the borders of Gad, but in such a way as to make it uncertain whether it had been captured or not. It was taken by Joab, David's general, but afterwards retaken by the Ammonites (Jer. 49: 2). Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Egypt, about 250 B.C., adorned it with beautiful buildings of the Greek type—a temple, a citadel, a theater, a colonnaded street, remains of all of which may be seen. Greek civilization, thus planted here, flourished for centuries. In the time of Christ it was one of the cities of the Decapolis, but it lay so far to one side that it is doubtful if the

Master ever visited it. In the fifth and sixth centuries a large Christian church was built here, parts of which may still be seen, beautiful even in its ruin. It is now used as a stable for cows. In the ninth century the Arabs did some building, parts of which may still be seen. Now the Circassians form a large portion of the population. As they are more industrious than the Arabs, it is more prosperous than most of the towns of this country. It is a station on the railway which the Sultan is building from Damascus to Mecca.

About half after eleven we left this interesting town and rode over a kind of wilderness of hills to Ain Yajuz, where, at a quarter past one, we dismounted for lunch. Oak trees began to dot the landscape shortly before we reached this place—the first which we have seen in Palestine, except the few at Hebron. They used to flourish on the hills of Gilead, but are not like our oak trees. Ain Yajuz is a very interesting spot. Three or four old sacred trees stand there. Their sanctity is attested by the fact that they are allowed to grow naturally; they have not been disfigured like all those on the surrounding hills by cutting their branches off for wood. At some time large buildings have existed at Yajuz, constructed of well-cut stones, the foundations of which may still be seen. From the

The Greek Church which covers the Mosaic Map of Palestine at Medeba.

The Hill on which Rabbah Ammon stood.

Some Greek Ruins, Amman.

The Circular Forum, Jerash (Gerasa).

character of the masonry I should think them post-Christian buildings. One interesting feature of this spot is some old menhirs and dolmens about which the wandering, tent-living Arabs come to bury their dead. On these stones they have cut their various *wasms*, or tribal marks.

Mounting at 2.40 p.m., we reached camp at 5.45 p.m. We discovered on this ride the value of the Turkish soldier whom the Governor of Medeba sent with us from that town. This man has collected taxes in this country till he knows every inch of it. Under his guidance to-day we sometimes left the roads and wandered across trackless fields, thus saving ourselves some miles of riding.

A part of our ride this afternoon lay again over a most interesting ridge, where we could at times look out into that eastern Arabian desert, which one so longs to explore, for many, many miles. A few minutes later we could see the wrinkled features of this old country as they extended on both sides of the Jordan, and on both sides of the Jabbok—a view full of dignity and charm. At one time, as we were riding along the side of a mountain, we saw three gazelles galloping along the ridge above us, silhouetted against the sky. Afterward they descended and crossed our path just in front of

us, timidly scampering for dear life, and disappeared in the valley below. Traveling on horseback has its hardships, but in this country it has also its rewards.

Suf, March 23d, Evening.— The place where we are encamping to-night is thought by some to be the Mizpeh of Genesis 31: 47-49.

This is C.'s birthday. I am sorry not to be with her. I had a telegram concocted in Arabic to send her from Jerash, but to my disappointment found no telegraph office there.

At Wady Umm Rumman last night we slept so well that we should all have overslept had not the uneasy horse again slipped its tether, walked into our tent ropes, let the tent down on us, and kindly waked us up. This happened at 5.15, and in consequence we were packed up and were under way by eight o'clock. Riding over the beautiful hills down to the Jabbok, which we crossed at 9.45, we climbed up the hills on the northern side of it to Jerash, which we reached at 11.30. This was the city of Gerasa, one of the cities of Decapolis in the time of Christ, and like Amman-Philadelphia, it was adorned with beautiful buildings and colonnaded streets. The ruins of the place are the finest that I have yet seen, except at Athens. Two theaters, a circus, two temples, a forum surrounded by a circle of columns, several streets flanked with columns,

many of which are still standing, a triumphal gateway, and three Christian basilicas, are among these magnificent ruins. The city is first mentioned under its name, Gerasa, about 100 B.C., and it was a flourishing city down to 1121 A.D. As it was deserted in the thirteenth century, it was probably ruined by an earthquake. The site was probably occupied in the Old Testament period by an important town, but there is no evidence to determine what it was. It is identified by some with Ramoth Gilead, but in my opinion wrongfully.

While we were eating lunch a shower came up and we took refuge in a cave in a hillside. The soldier who is escorting us took the opportunity to say that he took cold two nights ago, and that he was feeling quite ill. Having a case of medicines in my saddle bags, with which J. supplied me before we left America, I occupied the time playing the *hakim*, or doctor. It took us all to find out in Arabic what his symptoms were, and in the process we were driven several times to the dictionary. At last his needs were administered to, and he says he feels better.

A little after four o'clock we left Jerash and rode up over the hills to this place. On the way we obtained a fine view of the hills to the south of the Jabbok, over which we were riding yesterday. To-night we are at the spot which

several students of Palestinian topography believe to be the site of the Mizpeh where Jacob made his covenant with Laban (Gen. 31: 49), and where Jephthah lived (Judges 11: 34).

March 24th.—We are still just where we were last night. It has rained most of the time since 5.30 a.m., and we have not even been able to go and see the old heap of stones which is thought to be the one referred to in Genesis 31: 47-49. We have been overrun with Arabs who are all curious to see the inside of our white tents. They have crowded in in large numbers and planted themselves all around us. Sometimes they became so unbearable that we had to have the soldiers clear the tents. They are an untrustworthy lot, and have stolen at least one of our utensils.

During the afternoon a soldier from the village stalked into our tent, and, walking up to me, said: "I have a worm!" I could not make out for some time what he wished, but at last discovered that he had some indigestion. He believed that the trouble was caused by a worm within him, and desired me to give him medicine for it. It seems our soldier had spread the news of his cure yesterday. When at last he was given some medicine for his trouble, he wanted three doses in addition for people whom he knew who were not there!

Our soldier is quite a manly fellow, and he quite unconsciously gave me to-day a comment on Matthew 8: 9, and Luke 7: 8. Confined to our tents, we had been discussing the probability of the continuance of the rain in this high altitude. We had talked of the advisability of moving down into the Jordan valley, where the rain is never so severe, in order to work back southward through it. We had decided nothing, but were speaking of it vaguely. I had inquired of one of the muleteers about the roads which in that case it would be necessary for us to travel. It was reported to our soldier, who knows all the roads in these parts. He, therefore, came in, and sitting down by me asked whether I desired to go down into the *Ghor* (Jordan valley). Not having decided, I asked him, for the sake of making conversation, whether he would like to go that way. Rising suddenly to his feet, he exclaimed: "I am a soldier. It is for you to command; for me to obey! Choose where you will go, and I will go with you wherever it may be."

Our tents are thoroughly wet through. The ground under them is soaked and trodden into mud. Taking a hint from the natives, we have spread the ground with chaff, which relieves the situation a little. Fortunately, the beds are dry.

Burmeh, March 25th, 7.30 p.m.—This morning the rain had ceased, and though there were some clouds, we were glad to move. Starting about eight o'clock, we spent an hour and a half examining some inscribed monuments in the courtyard of the mosque at Suf, of which our visitors had told us yesterday. They proved to be pillars brought from the ruins of Jerash. Three of them bear Latin inscriptions, and one of them an inscription in Greek.

Near the mosque we found a sacred tree, tied after the fashion of the heathen Semites with many rags torn from the clothing of worshipers. From Suf we rode northwestward for two hours and three-quarters to a mountain top above the village of Ajlun. On this isolated peak there is the ruin of a fine old castle, called Kaalat er-Rabud, which played an important part in the struggles of the crusading period. It is magnificently situated for a watch tower, and some scholars think that Mizpeh was in this neighborhood rather than at Suf. Others take this for Mahanaim, where Ishbosheth ruled (2 Sam. 2: 8-12), and whither David afterward fled from Absalom (2 Sam. 17: 24, 27). Whatever the place may have been called in Biblical times, it must have been a very important military post. From this point one looks northward over into the Hauran (the Bashan of the Old Testament,

afterward the trans-Jordanic territory of the half tribe of Manasseh), also into and across the Jordan valley, beyond which to the northwest he sees the great plain of Esdraelon cutting the central range of Palestine in two, while opposite rise the mountains of Samaria, with Ebal and Gerizim standing out prominently on the southwestern horizon. Our outlook while there was obstructed by one or two showers, but the view was fine.

Leaving Kaalat er-Rabud about two o'clock we rode over hills and dales to the southward, a part of the time through showers of rain and hail, to this place, about five miles north of the Jabbok. We have to-day for the first time in Palestine ridden through thick forests. It was very refreshing to see tree-clad hills once more. The trees are a thorny kind of oak with thick branches, and it is easy to see how Absalom, who was killed in this region, could be hung up in one (2 Sam. 18: 9). It was often necessary to dodge their branches, and once to-day, as I read my guide book while riding, I ran my head into a tree in a truly Absalomic manner. Fortunately, I wore a cork helmet instead of long hair, and so escaped.

The last two mornings have been unusually cool for the time of year—39° and 38° respectively.

To-night we are encamped somewhere near the line of Jacob's march, as described in Genesis 32. To-morrow we hope like him to cross the Jabbok. We would also pass over Penuel, if we were sure of its location. He wrestled with an angel that night; perhaps we shall not have that distinguished privilege.

Es-Salt, March 26th, 8.30 p.m.—After a good night we were fed, packed and on the way at 7.45 this morning. Burmeh, where we slept, is 1,970 feet above the Mediterranean. From this elevation we descended into the valley of the Jabbok, crossing that stream at a point 330 feet below sea level. Then we climbed up to the top of Gebel Osha, or Hosea's mountain, which the Moslems have so named, because they believe Hosea to have been buried there. The top of this mountain is some miles south of the Jabbok, and is about 3,600 feet above the sea. As we arrived at its summit, about one o'clock, we had climbed about 4,000 feet in four hours. The temperature fell about 40° during this time, and two hailstorms passed over us.

In spite of a strong wind we enjoyed another fine view from the top of Gebel Osha. It is much the same view as from Mount Pisgah, though, of course, varying in some details from that. Gebel Osha is the highest point in Palestine south of Mount Hermon. Some scholars

A Ruined Temple, Jerash (Gerasa).

Kaalat er-Rabud in the Distance.

The so-called Tomb of Hosea, on Gebel Osha.

The Henna-besprinkled Lintel.

think that this was the site of Penuel in the Old Testament period. It seems to me more probable that this was Ramoth Gilead, and that Penuel was at a place on the Jabbok now called Tulul edh-Dhahab.

There was in ancient times a sacred place on Gebel Osha, some remains of which may still be detected. A cave to which rock-cut steps descend was, perhaps, a part of this. The sacred character of the spot is still indicated by a sacred tree, from which the Arabs refrain from cutting the branches, and by Hosea's tomb, to which the Arabs come at certain periods to hold festivals and to offer sacrifices. Such a festival was celebrated a short time ago, and the henna sprinkled on the lintel and the door-posts of Hosea's tomb may still be seen. The henna had been mingled with blood.

To-night we are camping at Es-Salt, the capital of El-Belka (the Turkish province east of the Jordan). The name is derived from the Latin *saltus*, a wood, and so dates from Roman times. The town is situated about five miles southeast of Gebel Osha. What its name was in Old Testament times is not known. In early Christian times it was the seat of a Christian bishop, and afterward played an important part in the wars of Saladin. Now it is a filthy city of about ten thousand inhabitants. Its filth may be no new

feature, however. As there is a telegraph office here, I was able to send my message to C. It will be several days late, but will, perhaps, be welcome notwithstanding.

Jericho, March 27th, 6 p.m.—We were away from Es-Salt this morning at 8.30. The necessity of purchasing some provisions delayed us a little. Then we rode over the mountains, down and down into the great chasm of the Jordan valley. As we came down over the mountains we had the best view of the Dead Sea which we have obtained. The air was marvelously clear, and we were far enough to the northeast of the sea to look the whole length of it, and were able to clearly distinguish Gebel Usdum at its southwestern extremity. Gebel Usdum, as you are probably aware, is a mountain of salt five or six hundred feet high. There are many pillars of salt near it, one of which was, perhaps, in Biblical times, thought to be Lot's wife.

We took lunch on the last of the foothills on the edge of the Jordan valley, in a temperature of about 90°. This valley lies so low that the heat in it is always tropical.

The afternoon was spent in riding across the broad plain of the Jordan valley. We crossed the Jordan at 3.30. We are now at Jericho, waiting for our camp to come up.

Jerusalem, March 29th.—I stopped writing while waiting for our camp at Jericho. About 6.30 two of our pack animals came up, but the third had become too lame to travel just after crossing the Jordan. The men who came with the two animals were both tired, and one of them was almost too ill to stand, so we turned to and helped to erect the tents, and about eight o'clock secured some supper. The horse which had delayed carried our mattresses and bed clothes. Fortunately, Jericho is a warm place, and we were preparing to spend the night in our clothing on the cot beds, when, about ten o'clock, the horse appeared. After much more labor, which was performed while a violent war of words went on between the muleteers concerning the responsibility for the laming of the pack horse, we obtained a tardy rest.

The insecurity of the wayfaring peasant in this country was well illustrated by our night at Jericho. Half a dozen men, some of them with neither food nor money, gathered about our camp-fire, and slept in the shelter of our tents. They were traveling in different directions, and knowing that our camp would be guarded they sought its protecting shelter. After I had retired I heard a heavy breathing very near my bed. As it puzzled me I arose to investigate it, and found a poor Arab and his donkey sleeping

on the ground close up to the canvas of the tent. They were so near that between them and my bed there was not more than a foot of space, though, of course, the canvas formed a partition between us. There lay the fellah and his donkey, side by side, keeping each other warm. Two brothers could not have lain more closely. It was hard to tell which was man and which was donkey!

Yesterday morning we were up early. The students wished to make another excursion to the Dead Sea, but not having heard from those in Jerusalem for ten days I rode on hither, where I arrived shortly before one o'clock. I found C. and C. C. both well and many good letters from home. It was like returning to civilization again.

The east-Jordanic tour has been a great and profitable experience, however. It has made the life of the trans-Jordanic Israelites much more real and clear to me. There are four different types of country over there, but all of them are more fertile than the mountains on this side the Jordan. The east-Jordanic tribes produced Elijah (1 Kings 17: 1), and, perhaps, Hosea, but beyond this they seem never to have made any great contribution to Israel's religious history. The reasons are two in number. When left in peace they were too prosperous to be religious in

anything more than a formal way. The great moral contributions to human thought come from poor countries like Judæa and Attica. Then their country had no natural frontier. For millenniums before the dawn of history, and even down to the present hour, Arabia has poured her hungry hordes into this fertile land unhindered. The settled population has never had any sense of security. To become in the highest sense religious one must enjoy some sense of salvation.

March 30th.—About one o'clock this morning we were awakened by a great rumbling and shaking, which proved to be an earthquake. It was severe enough to throw to the floor jars and vases from the tops of bookcases in our rooms. We find that the walls of many houses in the city were badly damaged and several people hurt. Rumor has it that in some of the outlying villages people were killed. It was not, like the one in the reign of Uzziah, severe enough to make an epoch to reckon time from (Amos 1: 1), but it was as severe as we care to experience. One has such a helpless feeling when even the house begins to dance!

We hope to start for Galilee in two or three days.

XIII.

SAMARIA AND GALILEE.

TURMUS AIYA (near Shiloh),
April 1st, 1903.

WE HAVE begun our tour to Galilee. Two days were spent in making arrangements. Horses, mules, tents and stores had to be secured, and this morning, a party of five, we set out from Jerusalem at 7.30. C. goes with us on this expedition. I said we are five, but in reality our caravan is much more extensive. That number indicates only the Americans of the company. To give a complete census of us, it would be necessary to mention the cook, six muleteers, two boys, six horses, five mules and two donkeys. We are carrying three tents this time.

It has been a beautiful day. We have ridden in temperatures varying from 73° to 95°. We rode from Jerusalem past the sites of Nob, Gibeah of Saul, Ramah, Beeroth and Bethel—places which we had previously visited, and which have been mentioned in previous letters. Since passing Bethel we have seen several villages, but none of them are on sites of importance in Biblical times. The village near which we are camping to-night is about half an hour

south of the site of ancient Shiloh. It is situated in a large, fertile, upland valley of the land of Ephraim, which looks as though it might have been at some geologic period the basin of a lake.

Some of the roads over which we have passed to-day are enough to make a horse weep, though these poor, Palestinian beasts are not sufficiently well informed to improve the opportunity.

Ka'un, April 3d, 1 p.m.—I did not get time yesterday for writing. We breakfasted early and started from Turmus Aiya at 7.40 a.m. After a ride of half an hour we reached the ruins of Shiloh, the home of Eli, and the scene of the call of Samuel (1 Sam. 1-3). After inspecting the ruins for a while, we proceeded northward by a road which scarcely deserves the name. Several times it was necessary to dismount. It is hard to believe that the Romans once had one of their good roads here. The rich hill country of Ephraim was all about us. About 9.45 we came up over an elevated ridge and saw rising before us, across an extensive plain, Mount Gerizim. This plain is one of the rich valleys which intersect the hills of Ephraim and Manasseh, and render the territory much more fertile than that of Judah.

About 12.30 we reached Jacob's well and stopped for lunch. A Christian church was

once built over the well, the crypt of which in part remains. The whole is now enclosed within the wall of the garden surrounding a Greek monastery. Two monks welcomed us, and we rested under the shade of a tree.

After lunch we descended into the crypt of the sixth century church and saw the well. A monk let down by means of a long cord a little dish containing three lighted tapers. These tapers gradually met the reflection of themselves at the water sixty feet below. The three tapers were symbolical of the trinity. While here we read aloud the fourth chapter of John. We were struck by the fact that we, like Christ, had come to the well about noon; that we, like Him, were weary from the journey and stopped there, thirsty, to eat. Like Him, we had sent a man into the neighboring town (Shechem, or Nablus) to buy provisions. Sychar, the village, lay in plain view at the foot of Mount Ebal.

While our muleteer was gone on his errand three of us climbed Mount Ebal. It was very steep, and the sun very hot, the mercury standing at 93°; but a fine view rewarded us. To the westward the sloping hills of Samaria merged into the maritime plain, which the blue Mediterranean bounded; to the northward they sloped down into the great plain of Esdraelon; while to the eastward our eyes rested first on

The Ruins of Shiloh.

First View of Mount Gerizim.

Askar (Sychar), from Jacob's Well.
Mount Ebal rises to the left.

Tubas (Thebez).

the rich hills of Ephraim, and then passed on to the impressive mountains of Gilead, over which we were traveling last week. At the foot of Mount Gerizim, just below us, lay the city of Nablus (Shechem).

We returned to Jacob's well about four o'clock, and by 4.15 were on the way again. As we wished to reach the Sea of Galilee for Sunday, we did not follow the road northward to Nazareth, but bore off to the northeast, following the general line of an old Roman road, which led from Jerusalem to Scythopolis. This path took us first through the beautiful Wady Bidân, which is surrounded by impressive hills. Passing over a ridge we came to the head waters of the Wady Faria, where we camped. This wady is a deep valley running off to the southeast till it joins the Jordan valley. It is probably the valley down which the Midianites fled after their defeat by Gideon. Here we camped and were sung to sleep by the frogs. Later we were awakened by another kind of singing—the droning of a guard, who dragged himself through some forty-five verses of an Arabic song to keep himself awake.

Leaving camp this morning at 7.40, we passed after an hour the village of Tûbâs, the Thebez of Judges 9, where Abimelech, the son of Gideon, met his death. A little later we de-

scended into a deep valley, which led us down to the edge of the valley of the Jordan, where we stopped for lunch, and where I am writing this. The temperature here is 115° in the sun. Before us lies the great hollow through which the Jordan flows, on our left are the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan were slain (1 Sam. 31), while beyond them the plain of Jezreel (Esdraelon) comes down and joins the Jordan valley. Across the Jordan, on the mountains of Gilead, we can see the old Crusaders' castle, Kaalat er-Rabud, where we were standing ten days ago to look over here.

The route which we are following is the natural one from Jerusalem to Tiberias and Capernaum, and is no doubt the one followed by Christ and the disciples on the journey which led them to stop at Jacob's well.

Beisan, 6.30 p.m.—We mounted at 2.30 and rode across the mouth of the plain of Jezreel to our camp here. Mount Tabor was visible on the northwestern horizon during much of the ride. This is the Bethshean of Joshua 17: 11; 1 Sam. 31: 10 and 1 Kings 4: 12. It is beautifully situated on the north side of the plain of Jezreel, just where that plain drops into the Jordan valley. It lies 320 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, while the Jordan flows past a little further to the east at a level

more than three hundred feet below Bethshean. In Israelitish days the city belonged to the tribe of Manasseh. In the time of Christ it was a Greek city, was called Scythopolis, and belonged to the league of Greek cities which went under the name of Decapolis.

I have said nothing about the flowers hitherto, but when we were on the other side of the Jordan the spring flowers had begun to appear; now they are at their height. Ever since we left Jerusalem we have been riding over hills which are glorious with color. Anemones white, of all shades of purple, red and pink; bachelor's buttons in profusion; poppies, red, pink and blue; and a thousand flowers of which I do not know the name, make every landscape a mass of color. We never saw so many. C. and I have come to the conclusion, though probably it had occurred to others before, that it was springtime when Christ said, "Consider the lilies," and that probably He was thinking of this great profusion of flowers, rather than any one variety.

April 4th.—We are stopping for lunch in the Jordan valley, about an hour's ride below the Sea of Galilee. Mount Hermon is in plain view, while on a mountain across the Jordan we can see where the ruins of Gadara lie.

We had time this morning to look over the

site of Beisan a little. The site of the old city of the time of Saul consists of a large mound. It would certainly be interesting to dig into it. Not far away are the remains of a large amphitheater, an interesting ruin from the Greek city. On the hill above Beisan we passed an Arabian encampment and found some women churning. It is a curious process. The milk is put into a skin, the skin is suspended from a rude tripod, while a woman stands and swings it backward and forward until the butter comes.

About ten o'clock this morning we passed over a ridge from which the beautiful Sea of Galilee and, beyond it, the hoary head of Hermon were visible.

Tiberias, April 5th, 7 p.m.—After lunch yesterday a ride of a little less than three hours brought us to this place. For the last hour and a half of the time we were riding along the west shore of the Sea of Galilee. It is a beautiful sheet of water, lying like a mirror between impressive hills. It is thirteen miles in length and six in breadth at its widest part. Other lakes are surrounded by more magnificent scenery, and are, perhaps, more strikingly beautiful. Such are some of the Swiss, Italian and English lakes, but no spot which I have ever visited has impressed me as this region did. In itself the scenery is very beautiful, but the

thought that the divinest ministry this world has ever known centered about this little sheet of water and was lavished upon the dwellers on its shores fills one with holy reverence. One approaches the place with feelings similar to those which filled the Jewish priest as he entered the holy of holies. On every part of this lake the Master must have been. Over there is the country of the Gerasenes, with its steep shore, away at the northern end, but in plain view is Tell Hum, thought by some to be the site of Capernaum, which was called the Master's own city. As we rode along we instinctively were hushed to quietness, more stirred in heart than by many sermons.

This quietness was too real to be disturbed even by some of the unpleasant experiences of Oriental travel or by the heat. For example, quarantine has been reimposed within the last few days against the trans-Jordanic country, because of a case of cholera near Damascus. In consequence of this a guard of soldiers had been stationed at the south end of the Sea of Galilee to prevent travelers from crossing from the eastern side. Instigated by one of our discontented muleteers, who had been sent ahead with our tents, but who remained behind here to see the fun, the soldiers tried to frighten us into paying "backsheesh." We had had too much

experience to yield to these demands, but as we rode on some words of reproof were necessarily administered to the offending servant, who in true Oriental style protested vociferously. C. quieted him by holding her finger to her lips, and we rode on in blissful peace.

A little to the south of Tiberias there are some hot springs, the waters of which are much esteemed for their medicinal properties. These springs owe their origin to the same volcanic action which hollowed out the immense valley in which the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan lie. These springs were the site of the Hammath of Joshua 19: 35. Tiberias itself was not founded till 6 A.D., and as its inhabitants were not Jews, it does not seem to have received much, if any, of Christ's labors during His ministry.

Just as we were approaching our camp here a picturesque company of Russian pilgrims, a thousand strong, marched past us into the town. I will not trouble you with an account of the police annoyances here. We had a good night, and have not moved our tents to-day.

This morning we mounted our horses and rode northward along the shore. After a little it led us to the northwest and so through the village of Megdel, the ancient Magdala, and the home of Mary Magdalene. Riding north from

Arabian Women Churning.

The Sea of Galilee.

Leaving Camp at Tiberias, April 5th, 1903.

Megdel (Magdala), looking toward the Plain of Gennesaret.

this point we crossed a flat valley about three miles in width, which extends some distance up into the mountains to the northwest. This is the ancient Plain of Gennesaret. At the north side of this plain the shore of the lake bends again to the eastward. Just here lies Khan Minyeh, which is, in the judgment of many scholars, the place where Capernaum stood. Following the shore, and passing a place where one tradition (probably wrongly) locates the feeding of the five thousand, we came to Tell Hum, where still others would have it that Capernaum was situated. The ride was a most interesting one. The Sea of Galilee is 681 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and as a consequence the climate is sub-tropical. The temperature at two o'clock to-day was 95° in the shade. We rode past many blooming oleanders, in addition to the other beautiful flowers which have already been mentioned. Wild mustard was also in bloom. The stalks were often as high as our heads as we rode along on horseback. It is here that mustard "becometh a tree, so that the birds of heaven come and lodge in the branches thereof" (Matt. 13: 32). Thistles also grow here most luxuriantly. Often to-day their tops were considerably above my head as I sat on horseback. Many of them must have been twelve feet high. From the midst of this tropi-

cal vegetation we looked away continually to the snow-clad summit of Mount Hermon.

The basin of the Sea of Galilee is of volcanic origin. The soil and rocks are black with iron. What upheavals of nature in far-off geologic time constructed this beautiful amphitheater for the ministry of the Son of Man!

We reached Tell Hum at twelve o'clock. The Franciscans have enclosed the ruins within a wall, and have built a small monastery there. They received us hospitably, and for once we ate our lunch under a roof. They firmly believe this to be the site of Capernaum, and point out the remains of some old columns as marking the site of the synagogue. In another part of the enclosure they point to a field of cabbages and tell you that Simon's house, in which his wife's mother was cured of her fever, stood there. These traditions are too uncertain to add to one's enjoyment of the place.

If Tell Hum is not the site of Capernaum, it perhaps was the site of Chorazin. In all probability the view from this point was familiar to the Master, and its main features must have been much the same when He was here as it is now. We gazed upon it with great enjoyment.

During the ride of this day we forded many small streams, and C.'s horse, Khalili, as he always does, had to dance about and coquette

with each one before crossing it. When he is persuaded that he must cross, he each time gives a great leap and darts across like an arrow. Such conduct makes riding rather exciting for her.

We reached Tiberias about 4.30, and after some refreshing tea we enjoyed a boat ride on the lake in the evening light. In many respects the Sea of Galilee seems to us a more hallowed spot than Jerusalem. The sacred sites in Jerusalem, with the exception of the Temple area, are overlaid with the débris of centuries. The accumulation of tradition is even deeper there than the débris. Here, on the contrary, all is as natural and simple as of old, only there is less life. We have seen the fishermen casting their nets and drying them as the Apostles must have done; and in the olden days cattle must have stood in the edge of the lake to cool themselves in the water, as we have seen them doing to-day. The husbandmen, too, are still plying their simple agricultural processes on the hillsides, as they did nineteen hundred years ago.

Mansura (at the base of Mount Carmel), April 7th.—Yesterday was so full that I could write nothing. We were up at the usual time, but were delayed in setting out from Tiberias by some peculiarities of the system of government. In traveling in the interior of this coun-

try one has to have a passport in Turkish, called a "teskere," and it must be "viséed" at certain important points. As the law applies to our journey our "teskeres" should have been "viséed" at Tiberias. I had been to see the Governor of Tiberias about it twice on Sunday, but he had put me off with curiously inadequate excuses. Anxious to comply with the law, I called at the Governor's house early Monday morning (about 7.30), and after waiting a long time for him to arise, was turned over by him to the chief of police, to be taken to another official, who would, the Governor said, perform the deed. Being accompanied by our chief muleteer, I was then conducted to quite a different part of town to the residence of the official mentioned. Here there was another long delay, while this man was awakened and arose. When he appeared he said he could not do it there, but if we would go to the government house he would meet us there after half an hour and arrange the matter. We then returned to camp and started the others on the day's ride, afterward betaking ourselves to the government house. The official's half hour dragged out into an hour, then he came, opened several desks, and could find no stamps to affix to the documents. As the law requires all such documents to bear a revenue stamp for each "visé," he

had to explain that he could not "visé" the documents at all. This had been the real trouble all the time. Had they only been frank with me at first it would have saved much time and annoyance, but they probably did not suppose that we would be sufficiently energetic to expose their poverty.

At last, about 9.30, we set off to overtake our party. The road from Tiberias wound up the hills to the westward, revealing many beautiful glimpses of the lake and the trans-Jordanic hills beyond. At times the lofty mountains of northern Galilee were in view, with the town of Safed nestling on one of the slopes, while snow-covered Hermon, still further to the north, like a faithful sentinel, overlooked all. Much to our disappointment Hermon does not appear in our photographs. The distance was too great and the atmosphere too dense. In about an hour we overtook the others at the foot of the "Horns of Hattin," the mountain where, according to tradition, the Sermon on the Mount was delivered. From here we turned southward and rode over a gently rolling plain till one o'clock, when we lunched near the foot of Mount Tabor. After lunch we climbed Mount Tabor, the highest mountain in Galilee, which lifts its head a little more than two thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

Here Deborah and Barak assembled their army before their attack upon Sisera (Judges 4: 6, 12), and here, according to one tradition (though an impossible one) Christ was transfigured.

The view from the top of Tabor was fine. All that we had seen in the morning was still visible, and much more besides. On the south the great plain of Esdraelon, stretching from east to west, cut the Palestinian mountain range in twain. Beyond it to the southwest arose the mountains of Samaria. One part of these, which arose directly opposite to us, extending eastward to the Jordan valley, were the Mountains of Gilboa. In the foreground between us and the great plain lay the villages of Endor, where Saul found the witch (1 Sam. 28), and of Nain (Luke 7: 11). Our journeys of the last few days have made the last chapters of first Samuel much clearer.

The top of Mount Tabor was, no doubt, crowned with a sanctuary in ancient times. For this reason Deborah and Barak assembled their army there to consecrate them for the war. In the time of Christ it was covered with a town, which existed also some centuries later, and of which some remains may still be seen. The summit now bears two monasteries, a Greek and

Distant View of Tell Hum (Capernaum?).

Mount Tabor.

Nazareth.

The Fountain at Nazareth.

a Roman Catholic, where pilgrims may find shelter.

We left the top of Tabor at 4.15, and arrived at our camp at Nazareth just at dark, at 6.45 p.m.

The people of Nazareth are Christians, and of a finer type than the inhabitants of most of these Palestinian villages.

On our arrival we were greeted by a band of girls who wished to sell needle work. Among these was a woman who knows some of the Friends of Ramallah, and who had heard from them of our coming. These people were so very cordial that we found it difficult, weary as we were, to get supper.

At Nazareth, as at Jericho, a number of peasant travelers joined our camp and slept near us for the protection which our guards would afford.

We were awakened this morning by thunder and rain, but it had passed by seven o'clock. After sending away our tents and marketing a little to replenish our larder, we walked through the town and viewed the traditional sites—the synagogue where Jesus read the scriptures (Luke 4), the house of Joseph and Mary, the carpenter shop of Joseph, etc. Catholic churches are now built over them all, and even

if one could be sure that these sites once bore the buildings attributed to them, the ecclesiastical trappings of the present would overlay so thoroughly the reality of the past as to rob it of all significance. The one genuine spot in the place is the village fountain, whither Mary must often have gone, as the women of Nazareth do still, to fetch water for the household. When we mounted our horses we rode up the hill to the northwest of the town and beheld the view, which Farrar supposes the boy Jesus must often have looked upon, and which he so eloquently describes in the third chapter of his *Life of Christ.* From this point we could see the town of Sepphoris, about three miles distant to the northwest. In the time of Christ this was the residence of Herod Antipas, and therefore the capital of Galilee and Peræa.

From this hill we descended to a point just on the edge of the plain of Esdraelon, where we lunched. The afternoon was spent riding across this great and fertile plain to our camp, which is pitched to-night on the eastern end of Mount Carmel, about ten miles from the Mediterranean.

Shortly before we arrived at camp we had an interesting time fording the river Kishon. It is not wide, but flows swiftly, and its shores and its bed are very soft. If the men whom Barak

defeated tried to flee across it, one does not wonder that

> "The river Kishon swept them away,
> The ancient river, the river Kishon."
> (Judges 5: 20.)

Mansura is a village of that peculiar sect, the Druses, and we have two of these people for our guards to-night.

Taanuk, April 8th.—We are camping to-night by the mound which contains the ruins of Taanach, an old city, celebrated in Judges 5: 19.

Leaving our camp at Mansura this morning, at eight o'clock, we climbed to the top of Mount Carmel above us, reaching the summit at the point where, according to tradition, the prophets of Baal were slain by Elijah after the competitive sacrifice. Traditions often get things confused, however. According to 1 Kings 18: 40, the prophets of Baal were slain at the river Kishon. We had desired to reach the point where tradition has it that the sacrifice itself occurred, but that was too far away. Carmel is a range of hills about ten miles long, and we were on one of its highest peaks.

Clouds sometimes obscured our vision, but we enjoyed the view greatly notwithstanding. To the southwest the land sloped down to the Mediterranean, and was dotted here and there with

villages. To the east, the view of which I have so often spoken greeted our eyes—the great plain of Jezreel, with Gilboa on the right and Little Hermon and Tabor on the left, while midway between them we could see the village of Zerin, the modern representative of the ancient city of Jezreel. To the northeast the hills about Nazareth were also in plain view.

Descending again through Mansura, we rode along the southern edge of the plain of Jezreel in a southeasterly direction. Lunching by the way, we arrived about three o'clock at Tell el-Mutessellim, which is supposed to contain the ruins of Megiddo, where Thothmes III. of Egypt defeated the kings of Palestine about 1500 B.C., where Deborah and Barak defeated Sisera (Judges 5: 19, 20), and where King Josiah was afterward slain in a battle with the Egyptians (2 Kings 23: 29). It lies on one of the natural lines of march between Egypt and Babylonia, or Egypt and Damascus, and has been one of the world's great battlefields.

Dr. Schumacher has recently begun to excavate there for a German society. When in Jerusalem, a short time ago, he had invited me to visit the mound. We were much disappointed to find that he had gone to Haifa for a few days, but his servant showed us his work. It had been in progress only ten days, but he had already

Mount Carmel and the Plain of Jezreel.

 Tell Dotan (Dothan).

Herodian Ruins at Samaria.

Samaritan Encampment on Mount Gerizim.

discovered a "high place" containing some "pillars," such as are often denounced in the book of Deuteronomy.

Later we rode on for an hour and a half to this place, which still bears its Biblical name. Professor Sellin, an Austrian, has been excavating this mound for a year or more. He has recently completed his work and taken his departure. Many of his trenches are still open. We have been up to look at them. It is a pity that his work has not been more systematically done.

Sebastieh, April 9th.—We are camping tonight on the site of ancient Samaria. Leaving Taanuk a little before eight o'clock this morning, we rode southward into the hills of Samaria, catching glimpses as we gently ascended of the great Plain of Esdraelon, around which we had been riding for several days, and which we were now leaving behind. About ten o'clock we emerged through a pass in the hills into a large plain. This was the plain in which Joseph's brethren were feeding their flocks and herds when he went to find them (Gen. 37: 17, 18). Riding across the plain in a southeasterly direction, we came in about an hour to a mound called Tell Dotan, the site of the ancient city of Dothan. It was here that the Syrians tried to capture the prophet Elisha, when Elisha prayed

that the eyes of his servant might be opened (2 Kings 6: 13). Near this mound is a well, which is still shown as the pit into which Joseph was cast by his brethren, but as it is a perpetual spring, tradition has undoubtedly in this case been too anxious to identify the spot.

Riding forward again into the Samaritan hills, and pausing an hour about noon for lunch, we passed about three o'clock over a lofty ridge by a village called Silet ed-Dahr, from which we obtained a truly inspiring view. On the west the hills sloped downward to the fertile maritime plain, beyond which the Mediterranean, blue and sparkling, stretched itself, while on the southeastern horizon, Ebal, Gerizim, and many other mountain peaks, dotted with many villages, were silhouetted against the sky.

At 4.45 we reached our tents here, and after taking some tea went up to look at the mound on the edge of which we are encamping. It is a splendid situation. Deep valleys cut it off from the adjacent hills on every side, making it an ideal spot for a fortress. Omri chose (1 Kings 16: 24) the best spot in these regions for his capital. From the top of the mound the view is quite similar to that from Silet ed-Dahr, and almost as beautiful. The plain and the sea both form important parts of the landscape. On

three sides it is at a considerable distance encircled by beautiful hills higher than itself.

This was the capital of the northern kingdom from Omri to Hoshea, except for a time in the reign of Ahab, when it was at Jezreel. This is the city destroyed by Sargon in 722 B.C., and afterward by Alexander the Great. After various other vicissitudes it was rebuilt in magnificent style by Herod in 25 B.C., and named Sebaste, the Greek for Augusta, in honor of the Emperor Augustus. The hill is still encircled by remnants of the columns with which Herod flanked a colonnaded street which he placed as a crown upon the hill. These columns now rear their heads from olive orchards and fields of grain. The present name, Sebastieh, is an Arabic form of Sebaste.

The mound is a fine place for excavation. Professor Thayer hoped that the American School might excavate it, and I earnestly hope that we may yet have the opportunity of doing it. It cannot, however, be during my term of office.

Samaria and Galilee are more fertile than Judæa. There are fewer barren limestone ledges protruding from the soil, and the broad arable valleys are more numerous and extensive. The moonlight is beautiful during these

nights. I wish you could see the moonlight view on which we are now looking. Another party of Americans are camping on this Tell to-night. They are traveling northward.

Khan Lubban, April 10th.—This morning we were up in good time, and by 6.15 were breakfasting. At 7.30 we mounted and rode up Tell Sebastieh for a final view in the morning light. Half an hour later we left Sebastieh, and after journeying for two hours over hill and dale, reached Nablus, which, next to Jerusalem, is the most important city of Palestine. Nablus is on the site of the Shechem of the Old Testament. At the time of the Jewish war, A.D. 66-70, it was destroyed, and was afterward rebuilt by Vespasian, who named it Flavia Neapolis. Nablus is a corruption of the latter part of this name.

The present town is quite modern. There is little in it to interest us. We soon rode on to the top of Mount Gerizim, which we reached about noon. There we found the Samaritans, who still worship after the manner of their fathers of the time of Nehemiah, assembled for the celebration of the Passover. This community consists wholly of descendants of the ancient Samaritans, and has dwindled to forty families, who number about one hundred and thirty-five persons. They spend two weeks

there each year at the time of the Passover, pitching their tents near the spot on which the old temple of the Samaritans is said to have stood. They had the pit for roasting all prepared, and will sacrifice the paschal lambs to-morrow night.

When we went north we had inquired about the date of this Passover, but were misinformed, and so thought it came two weeks later. Had we known that it came now, we would have arranged to stay and see it, but our tents had been sent on here, and it was accordingly necessary for us to follow them. Perhaps two of the students will go back to-morrow to witness it, but some of the party have had enough horseback riding for the present, and I shall go on to Jerusalem with them.

On the ruins of an old castle in plain view of the site of the Samaritan temple we lunched. While we were eating, the sons of the High Priest, including his first born and heir, came up with rolls of the Samaritan law to sell. The Samaritans are tall and slim. Their faces are long and narrow, their hands are of aristocratic form, and their whole bearing betokens their long descent.

After enjoying the view from the top of Gerizim, we went down and inspected their preparations for the Passover. A small hole

was dug in the ground—perhaps eighteen inches in diameter and ten inches deep. Over this the sheep will be killed. From it a conduit of oblong shape led off, into which the blood flowed to be soaked up. The pit for roasting was shaped like a well. They kill seven lambs, build a fire in this hole and heat it well, then hang the lambs in the well to roast and cover it over.

The Samaritans are descended from the old Hebrew peasantry, which the Assyrians left behind, and the Babylonians, whom the Assyrians settled among them (2 Kings 17: 24-34).

You will weary of my descriptions of views, but the outlook from Gerizim was exceptionally fine. We could see from Carmel and the Mediterranean on the west to the mountains of Gilead beyond the Jordan on the east. At our feet lay Sychar and Jacob's well.

We left Gerizim about two o'clock and descended by a path on the east side. Soon after reaching the plain we gained the road by which we went north ten days ago, and came back over it to this place. We are encamping tonight in the hill country of Ephraim, near the village of Lebonah of Judges 21: 19.

Jerusalem, April 12th.—Yesterday morning we were ready to leave our camping place at 7.50, and began to move on homewards. For

the first hour we were traveling a road which runs westward of Shiloh, and so one over which we had not passed before. About nine o'clock we came out on to the road by which we had gone northward. Near this point there is a village which was called by the crusaders Casale Saint Giles—a name which is now corrupted to Sinjil. A little before twelve o'clock we came over the hill at Bethel and could see Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives about fifteen miles distant to the south. We have been told that when Catholic pilgrims come down from Galilee they sing "Ave Maria" all the way from here to Jerusalem.

It is hard to realize that in the olden days, when Bethel was a sacred shrine of one kingdom and Jerusalem of another, that one could be so plainly seen from the other.

We lunched by the rock-cut spring a little this side of Bethel. After mounting for our afternoon ride, a beautiful wild gazelle started up and ran across the fields of grain before us. These timid creatures are very beautiful and swift. They seem fitting embodiments of the spirit of this fair land.

To-day is Easter according to the Gregorian calendar, which is followed by our western world. While thinking of the marvelous events of the first Easter, we thought we would see

how it is celebrated by some modern ritualists. We therefore betook ourselves to the church of the Holy Sepulcher a little before seven o'clock to witness the procession of the Latin (Catholic) Patriarch around the traditional tomb of Christ. All were clad in gorgeous apparel, and the Patriarch wore a mitre decked with precious stones. They walked in solemn display around the tomb chanting. Religion here in the East is spectacular. Probably official religion has always been so. The unobtrusive religion of the Master appears all the more divine by contrast. That such a faith was conceived in such an atmosphere of display is the great marvel.

We returned to the hotel for breakfast about eight o'clock, and went back to the church about ten. The Oriental churches follow the Julian calendar, which throws all their dates later than ours. To them, to-day is not Easter but Palm Sunday, so about ten they had their Palm Sunday procession. Through the Syrian Bishop we obtained seats this time in the gallery of the Syrian chapel, where we could see very well. First came the procession of the Greek Church. The Patriarch, bishops, clergy and monks, together with representatives of the Russian and Greek governments, marched three times around the tomb, chanting a service for this especial occasion. The Patriarch and the

bishops wore magnificent crowns. That of the former is brilliant with thousands of dollars' worth of jewels.

When the Greeks had finished, the Armenians, Syrians and Copts united in a procession. The Syrian Bishop, who had been sitting with us till this time, left us to take part in the ceremonial. For gorgeous garments and artistic effects this procession was the best of all.

One could not but feel how different all this is from the real, simple, holy life of the "Man of Sorrows"! How unreal this display is was made painfully evident by the presence of large numbers of Turkish soldiers with their stupid, brutal faces. They are there to keep these gorgeous Christians from shedding one another's blood at the very tomb of Christ!

We had some good baths last night, and enjoyed sleeping under a roof once more. We have enjoyed our journeyings greatly, however, and are thankful to have seen so much of Palestine. I have spent twenty-two of the last twenty-five days in the saddle, covering in that time five hundred miles or more. I am now as brown as a nut. All our party are well, and are tanned like sailors.

XIV.

THE GREEK EASTER, BEERSHEBA AND THE SOUTH.

EDH-DHAHARIYEH, April 23d, 1903.

THE days which have elapsed since my last letter was written have been full of business and work. Some sights have been seen, however, which may be of interest to you. All the Oriental Churches—Greek, Russian-Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian—celebrated Easter on the 19th. The week preceding was their holy week. The Greek Church has more members and more influence than any other body of Christians in the country. These Oriental Churches combined make a much greater show than the Catholics and Protestants do. Oriental religion is spectacular rather than spiritual. At the same time the Jews were celebrating the Passover season, and as religion here is competitive as well as spectacular the Mohammedans have invented a festival for the same time in order to keep their adherents from being too greatly influenced by the spectacles presented by the other faiths. This Mohammedan feast is called the Feast of Nebi Musa, or the Prophet Moses. For this purpose they have moved the tomb of Moses over from Mount Nebo, without taking the trouble to find his

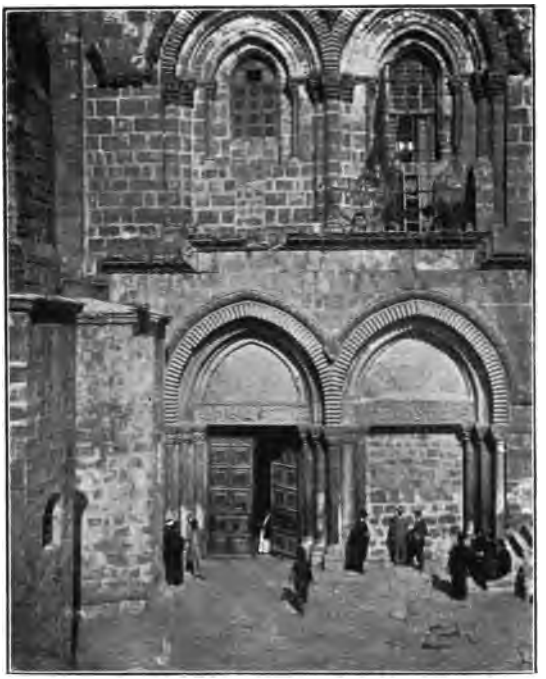
body, to a mountain about midway between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. This mountain, conveniently situated for a pilgrimage from Jerusalem, they have named Nebi Musa. To this rendezvous they go from Jerusalem in large numbers, and for three days celebrate barbarous orgies. As the processions go and return they are accompanied by sword dances, yelling, the firing of pistols, and other barbarous expressions of savage feeling. We saw several of these companies as they went and returned, and were not especially edified by their expression of religious enthusiasm.

Two events of this Oriental Easter week are worthy of mention. On Thursday all the Oriental Churches celebrate the ceremony of foot-washing. Two of these celebrations we saw. On the morning of this day, in the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, while the court, the roofs and the windows of the surrounding buildings were thronged with thousands of spectators, the Greek Patriarch came out clad in splendid robes and wearing his brilliant crown. He was accompanied by twelve bishops. These took their places on a raised platform in the center of the courtyard, and after a service in Greek had been read by one of the monks, the Patriarch laid aside his splendid robes and his crown, and girded himself with a towel. An

attendant poured some water from a golden pitcher into a golden basin and carried the basin as the Patriarch went around and washed one foot of each of the Bishops. As he came to the last one, who represented Peter, the little scene when Peter said, "Thou shalt never wash my feet," was enacted. The Patriarch is a venerable old man, and it was quite an impressive service.

In the afternoon of the same day we saw the Syrian Bishop perform the same ceremony in his little church, which they believe to be on the site of the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, and the place where the disciples were assembled on the Day of Pentecost. This service was simpler than the Greek, and more impressive. They had not twelve monks, so some of the poor members of the church had to take the places of some of the Apostles. They had not many spectators, and it was not, like the Greek, done so much for show.

On the afternoon of Saturday of this week these churches believe that fire is miraculously kindled on the traditional tomb of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and it is indeed a great sight to see this fire distributed. Hundreds of people sleep in the church the night before it occurs, so as to be sure and have places on the day of the miracle and its accompanying



Façade of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, Jerusalem.

 A Nebi Musa Procession.

One of Solomon's Pools.

pageant. In passing through the church on Friday evening I saw them sleeping on the floor. The American consul secured a place for the men of the American School, but it was in a part of the structure to which women could not be admitted, as its only approach was through a monastery. The Syrian Bishop kindly gave C. a place in his chapel, so we all witnessed the exciting scene.

The tomb is enclosed in a miniature chapel, the door of which was closed. On either side the walls of this chapel are pierced by two holes eight or ten inches in diameter. Within were two priests awaiting the miracle, while at each of these openings stood a man with bared arms, holding a large torch ready to reach in and bring out the holy fire when it should appear. The miraculous power is most accommodating. It conforms to ecclesiastical usage very closely. The Greek Patriarch, attended by all his clergy in brilliant array, first marched in solemn ceremony three times around the tomb. When they were about to make the third circuit they were joined by the Armenians, who were even more gorgeous, the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs marching side by side. This is a most critical moment in the proceedings. Should one Patriarch take a step in advance of the other, so as to seem to try to take precedence in the

least, a bloody attack upon him and his followers would immediately follow. Such bloody frays have often occurred. The day of which I am speaking sixteen hundred Turkish soldiers were on guard in and around the church to compel Christians to keep the peace! The Turkish Governor was also present. He has orders each year to send a telegram to Constantinople when the ceremony is safely over, such is the anxiety of the Sultan over its outcome, and the international complications which may ensue.

When the Greeks had completed their third circuit of the tomb, the Armenians were joined by the Copts and Syrians, who in like manner marched three times around it. It was after this ecclesiastical parade was finished that the miracle might really be expected. The excitement then grew intense. Each of the thousands of people in the church had a candle or a taper, and all were watching eagerly the men who with bare arms stood at the openings in the walls of the Sepulcher. At last one of these men reached his arm in and brought out a lighted torch. Then the excitement visibly increased. This torch was handed to a man to be carried to the Greek chapel. As the bearer tried to hasten, the Armenians and others tried to prevent him, which increased the excitement. The next torch was to be borne to the Armenian chapel, the

next to the Coptic, and the next to the Syrian. In each case the messenger encountered what in football language is called "interference." Sometimes their torches were extinguished and they had to return for others. Then from torch to candle the fire was spread all over the church. In much less time than it takes me to write this description every candle in the vast edifice was ablaze. As the fire spread the enthusiasm of the people reached its height. They passed their faces and hands through the flame to show that it was sacred fire and would not burn, while they joyously greeted one another. It was more like the excitement of a great game of football than anything which I have seen since leaving America.

From the church this fire is carried by swift messengers to the churches in the outlying villages, where candles ignited from it are long kept burning. The prominent villagers vie with one another for the honor of meeting the messengers and bringing the fire into the respective villages. I am told that last year the two most prominent families of Ramallah consumed so much time in an unseemly squabble for precedence in this matter, that, when at last the messenger to their village was met, the holy fire had gone out! The moral for ecclesiastical and theological wranglers need not be drawn.

On the morning of Easter Monday we witnessed the most impressive procession of all this Easter season at the Armenian Church of St. James. The church was adorned with their many priceless relics, crucifixes studded with gems, embroideries, etc. The church is very brilliant and artistic. There are doors in it of tortoise shell, inlaid with pearl, and other features of similar magnificence. The vestments were rich with the most splendid Oriental coloring, blended with excellent taste. As the very aged Patriarch, with hands supported by a modern Aaron and Hur, staggered under the burden of a relic of the "true cross," he was a pathetic center of this beautiful procession.

I am now on a journey to southern Judæa with two members of the school. The others drove with us as far as Solomon's Pools. We left Jerusalem yesterday morning. We are traveling on horseback again with an equipment of tents. Our outfit is similar to that which we had for the trans-Jordanic trip.

We rode yesterday down past Bethlehem and paused awhile to view Solomon's Pools, some two miles to the south of the old city where David was born. These are the reservoirs which still give Jerusalem its chief water supply. We lunched near Gedor (Josh. 15: 58), and afterward inspected the site of Beth-zur (Josh. 15:

Tell Zif.

Khirbet el 'Amad.

Our Camp at Beersheba.

A Well with Sakiyeh, Beersheba.

58). A little further to the south we turned aside from the road to inspect a curious old foundation, which is constructed of fine blocks of stone, but which seems never to have been completed. Its purpose is unknown. The Mohammedans call it the Mosque of Abraham. They believe that Abraham was a good Moslem, and that he prayed there. Such a little chronological discrepancy as that between Abraham and Mohammed is not permitted to disturb their sublime faith!

Camping at Hebron, we saw again some of the scenes which I have already described, and enjoyed the company of the missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and Miss Varton. These, as well as the other missionaries whom we have seen in the East, are doing a noble and heroic work. The separation from friends and from contact with culture, as well as the constant association with wretchedness and ignorance constitute a sacrifice the magnitude of which can only be dimly imagined until it is experienced. It is a sacrifice, however, which is well worth while. Little by little, through the gift of these noble, pure lives, the world is elevated.

This morning we looked about Hebron a little longer, inspecting among other things the hospital of the Scotch Medical Mission over

which Dr. Patterson presides. The spotless purity of this house of healing forms a striking contrast to the filth of Moslem Hebron!

Riding away from Hebron about 10.30, and passing for an hour and a half through a rough mountainous country, we arrived at the site of Ziph (1 Sam. 23: 24). Nothing now remains of this old Judæan city but the mound on which it stood, and the name which may still be detected in Tell Zif, the name of the mound to-day. The mound is on the eastern edge of the Judæan ridge. From here the ground slopes rapidly to the Dead Sea. From its top we gained a fine view of that sea and the mountains beyond. We were nearly opposite the Valley of the Arnon, and could look directly up that great gorge which divides the elevated plateau of the trans-Jordanic land.

From Ziph we rode on southward about three-quarters of an hour to the site of the town of Carmel in Judah, the home of Nabal, the Carmelite (1 Sam. 25). We were surprised here to find broad, upland plains of great fertility, more like the plains east of the Jordan than anything else which we have seen. It is clear, after a visit to this region, why Nabal was so rich. Lunch was eaten amid the ruins of an old monastery. In the afternoon an hour's ride to the northwest brought us to Yutta, the Juttah of Joshua 15:

55, one of the Levitical cities. Some have thought that in Luke 1: 39, we should read "the city Juttah" instead of "a city of Judah." In that case this would be the city to which the Virgin Mary went to see her cousin Elizabeth, and also the birthplace of John the Baptist. This opinion does not, however, rest upon a sufficiently secure basis.

After leaving Juttah we rode southwest to this place, which some have thought to be on the site of the city Kirjath-sepher, or Debir (Jud. 1: 11). Our road lay between mountains, through fertile valleys and over productive plains. During the ride we passed an interesting ruin, where three carved columns are still standing. This ruin is not, so far as I know, described in the books. The Arabs call it Khirbet al-'Amâd, or the Ruin of the Columns. We are encamped on a high ridge of land which projects southward from the hills of Judæa into the lower ground of the Negeb, or South Land of the Bible. Just before we reached our camp we obtained a fine view to the southeast. We could see for miles and miles over the stretches of semi-barren hills which form the "wilderness" country of the Negeb.

Beersheba, April 24th, 1903.—We are camping to-night by one of the wells, the traditions of which go back to Abraham and Isaac. Our

camp left us at 7.30 this morning, after which some time was spent in examining the town of Edh-Dhahariyeh. From this examination it is our opinion that the town of Kirjath-sepher was not in ancient times situated here. There is no mound such as has accumulated at all really old cities. Everywhere the native rock protrudes to the surface. A tell which we passed yesterday, about two miles northeast of Edh-Dhahariyeh, seems to me a much more probable location for such a city. If we were going back that way we should examine the surface of this mound much more thoroughly to see if potsherds could be found as tokens of ancient habitation.

Upon leaving Edh-Dhahariyeh we rode for an hour in a narrow valley which runs southward, and which gradually descends. After this we came out into a broad undulating plain, across which we rode to this place. There had been much less rain in this plain than in the hills, and it is much warmer. Wheat was still green on the high lands where we were yesterday; on the plains which we have crossed to-day it is ripe and harvest is in progress. Men, women and children, whose black Arabian tents could be seen here and there, were out in the fields at work. In two or three fields the

baby was sleeping in a cradle, over which a rug raised on two sticks served as a screen from the sun, while the mother worked in the fields with the others.

Beersheba, where we are now encamped, has become in the past two years quite a growing town. It has had what in America would be called a "boom." The Turks have built here a fine government house and established a small garrison for the better control of the nomadic Arabs of the neighborhood. This added security has induced a number of people to come here for various kinds of commerce with these Arab tribes. There are now two steam flour mills, a number of small stores, and they are building a jail. So you see civilization is progressing! This spot where the Patriarchs camped, where the most southern of Israel's cities stood, where in the early Christian centuries there was a city and a bishopric, but which has been desolate since the fourteenth century, is likely to become again important.

In order to secure stone for the new buildings they have dug here and there for stones which were used in the Christian buildings, and have thus brought to light several mortuary inscriptions. When we went to the government house awhile ago to ask for some guards for to-night

we photographed several which had been collected there. The governor seemed very glad to see us and detained us as long as he could.

We have been much interested in looking about here. Although I have been speaking of the modern boom, we have been most interested, of course, in the wells. These go back into hoary antiquity, and are the centers about which several of the patriarchal stories revolve. It is supposed by many that there were originally seven wells here, and that the name Beersheba indicates this. This is one explanation of it in the Bible itself (see Gen. 21: 30), but another verse explains the name to mean "well of swearing" (Gen. 21: 31). Whether seven wells ever existed here or not, five are in use now, all of which appear to be old.

About five o'clock, as I happened to be looking at a well near our tent, I saw the governor coming to return our call, and accordingly went in and had coffee made. One from the outside world with whom this man can talk apparently seldom comes this way. He made the most of his opportunity, and as I wanted to see more of the wells it seemed as though he never would go. Our intercourse was not altogether easy. He is a Turk and speaks Arabic in Turkish idiom, as I speak it in English idiom, so that we frequently experienced difficulty in understand-

ing each other. At last I turned the conversation to the wells, asking him various questions about them, and he kindly went out to point out some features of one of them, which I might, he thought, fail to observe.

Before the governor left me another man came and asked if I were a doctor, and if I would not come and see a little girl who had met with an accident. Knowing something of the sufferings which ignorance of medicine entail upon the natives I went, although not a physician, thinking that possibly I might be of some service. To my surprise I was conducted into a Moslem harem, where two veiled women were sitting, one of whom was holding a girl about two years old. This child had fallen on a sharp stone and cut a gash about an inch long just back of the temple. It had bled profusely, and to stop the blood they had filled the wound with coffee grounds and bandaged it with a cloth dyed black. After returning to our tent and fetching some antiseptic materials with which J. had supplied me, I called for warm water and spent an hour or more in cleansing and dressing the wound. After giving them strict orders about keeping it clean (which they will not do), I came away, leaving the child asleep.

No phase of native life in this country is more

pathetic than the lack of medical aid. As we have moved about the country we have been met with requests for help of various kinds. Some of the cases have been most serious, and our simple remedies could do nothing for them.

Tell-el-Hesy (Lachish), April 25th.—Our sleep at Beersheba was disturbed five times last night by a black cat which persisted in creeping under the tent-curtain to steal our food. Nevertheless we rested fairly well. Arising at our usual hour, the camp was on its way by 7.40. Some time was then spent in examining the wells more in detail, and looking carefully about among the early Christian ruins. When Professor Robinson, of Chicago, was here, a few years ago, he thought he found depressions where digging would reveal the two additional wells which are necessary to make up the number seven. We had with us a copy of a chart of his, and endeavored from his measurements to identify the spots where he found these depressions. One of them has, since Professor Robinson's visit, been dug into by those in search of stones for the new buildings at Beersheba, and turns out to be not the top of a well at all, but the foundation of an old Christian church. The walls had fallen nearly down to the level of the ground, earth had accumulated over them, and

the grass had overgrown all, so that the depression was mistaken for that of a possible well.

Before leaving Beersheba I was called to see the little girl again. The wound had bled in the night, and to check the blood they had disregarded all my directions and filled the wound with coffee grounds again! I hope I succeeded in frightening them into a more sanitary method of treatment, but fear it is hopeless.

Leaving Beersheba somewhat after nine o'clock, we traveled all day in a northwesterly direction over a rolling country which in its form reminds me of the rolling prairies of Iowa. At first we were crossing a limestone ridge, the projecting crags of which were dazzling white in the burning sun. There had been but little rain here. Barley had grown but six or eight inches high. In harvesting it the natives were pulling it up by the roots. There are few wells in this region, and flocks and herds are brought to these from extensive regions about them for water. We passed one of these to-day, where a patriarchal scene was being enacted. While one flock was being watered several were awaiting their turn.

As we proceeded we came nearer and nearer to the sea into regions where the rain had been more abundant. Wheat and barley were taller

here, and not so ripe. The day was hot at first. Where we lunched the temperature was 120 degrees in the sun, but this afternoon a fine sea breeze sprang up and greatly relieved us.

At Beersheba we added a soldier to our train to act as guide and guard. This man rides a swift-traveling camel, and makes a picturesque addition to our train. We now have horses, mules, donkeys and a camel in our caravan. If we only had a woman to carry something, we should have representatives of all the varieties of pack-animals known to the land!

The camel, by the way, is the natural animal of the land through which we have come to-day. It is a land of almost no wells, and as the camel carries his own water bottle with him he just suits the conditions. We have seen hundreds of them, feeding in herds which often consisted of fifty or more. They do not like the growing barley, but are very fond of the thistles which grow in the fields of grain. They are, therefore, permitted to wander freely through the grain-fields. They pick out the thistles and thorns here and there, gathering their sustenance and weeding the fields at the same time. They are a great help to lazy farmers!

We passed one group of natives to-day who were winnowing grain in the old Biblical style by throwing it up into the wind.

To-night we are camping by the ruins of Lachish, a city which was an important fortress in the Egyptian struggles with Palestine about 1400 B.C., and which afterward formed an important post on the Israelitish frontier (2 Kings 18: 14 ff.). It was taken by Sennacherib in 701 B.C. (2 Kings 19: 8), and a slab from his palace, which is now in the British Museum, pictures that monarch as sitting on a throne amid trees at Lachish to receive the homage and tribute of the princes of the surrounding country. There is now but one tree in sight and that is a mile away. Lachish was the last city in Judah to be taken by Nebuchadnezzar (Jer. 34: 7). The English excavated here for a time ten years ago and discovered the first cuneiform tablet ever found in Palestine.

Since leaving Beersheba we have seen no houses, except three storehouses, built by the government for the storage of grain taken in payment of taxes. All the population live in black Arabian tents. One of the sheiks of these people met us at a point about three miles south of our encampment this afternoon and offered us the hospitality of his tent for the night, but gracious as the offer was, it seemed best to sleep in our own camp!

We have been disappointed in the water here. Our Arabs, who have no ideas of sanitation, and

will drink any kind of water, told us that there was water here. It turns out to be stagnant water from a brook which is drying up. Cattle have stood in it freely, and it reminds one strongly of an American barnyard. We searched till dark for a living spring, but in vain. Then taking some of this water and boiling it for fifteen minutes under pressure, we ventured to make some tea, but such tea! One taste was enough! Fortunately, we have a good supply of oranges and can refresh ourselves with them, though after a long ride in so hot an atmosphere they do not quench one's burning thirst.

Beit Jibrin, April 26th.—Our camp was dispatched from Tell-el-Hesy by 7.30 this morning. We could not drink our coffee at breakfast, for the same reason that our tea was unbearable last night. The horrible water also made our rice and oatmeal offensive to sight, smell and taste. Notwithstanding these inconveniences we went with zest to examine the ancient tell. The English explored the northeastern part of it thoroughly, but the whole of its soil ought to be turned over.

While wandering about the mound we were greatly annoyed by swarms of flies. Our white helmets were completely blackened by their bodies. We could scrape them from one an-

A Soldier of Beersheba.

Patriarchal Scene at a Well near Beersheba.

Tell Sandehanneh.

other's backs in handfuls. We think we can now understand why the Jews called the god of Ekron, a neighboring city, Baal-zebul (corrupted into Baal-zebub)—i.e., "lord of flies"—and why the name became a designation of Satan!

From Tell-el-Hesy we rode in a northeasterly direction for four hours to this place. On the way we passed one well—a rare thing in this region—which contained water at a depth of eighty feet below the surface. Another patriarchal scene was being enacted here, as flocks and herds were awaiting their turn to drink. Our thirst sorely tempted us to violate our rule not to drink unboiled water, but we resolutely rode on.

Beit Jibrin is an interesting place. The hills about here are full of caves, some of which have been used as tombs, some as dwellings and some as churches. All are cut out of the rock, which is here soft limestone.

About a mile from here are the ruins of Moresheth, the home of the prophet Micah (Micah 1: 14), though it has recently been shown that we are not to look for the site at Khirbet Marash, but at Tell Sandehanneh, a site which the English partially excavated about four years ago. The two places are less than a mile apart, and the name seems to have been transferred

from one to the other. From Tell Sandehanneh, which takes its name from a church of St. Anne, one obtains a fine view of the plain and of the Mediterranean. Near this tell, Dr. Peters, of New York, in company with a German, discovered last year some very fine rock-cut tombs of the Greek period. They were decorated with paintings of animals, to which the Greek names were attached. A visit to them is very interesting, though somewhat expensive, since one must pay a soldier for bringing the key to him out from Jerusalem, pay his horse hire and pay a man to guide him.

Beit Jibrin is mentioned in Josephus under the name of Elutheropolis. It was the capital of this district in the early centuries of the Christian era, but has now degenerated to a wretched Mohammedan village.

Jerusalem, April 29th.—After a somewhat disturbed night at Beit Jibrin, I had breakfasted by 5.15 and was in the saddle. Business called me to Jaffa that day, so I left the others to follow me more slowly. The early morning ride northward through the Shephelah, or low hills of Judæa, was very enjoyable. Tell Judeideh and Tell Zakariyeh were passed, and the route lay near Tell-es-Safi, the possible site of the Philistine city of Gath. At all of these tells the English have excavated since 1898.

I crossed the lower end of the Vale of Elah, in which the battle between David and Goliath occurred (1 Sam. 17: 18), and also near to Ain Shams, the site of Beth-Shemesh (1 Sam. 6: 19, 20). A little later Sara (Zoreah), the birthplace of Samson, was seen on the hill in front, and soon the station of Der Aban, on the railway from Jerusalem to Jaffa, was reached. Taking a train here about nine o'clock I reached Jaffa a little after eleven. The railway schedule allowed me three hours in Jaffa for business, and then the afternoon train bore me to Jerusalem. At Der Aban the remainder of the party, who had spent the day examining more carefully some of the sites which I had passed in the morning, boarded the train, and we all returned together to the Holy City, where we found those well whom we had left behind.

XV.

FROM JERUSALEM TO CAIRO.

CAIRO, Egypt, May 21st, 1903.

SINCE I sent my last letter the days have been very full. The position of Director of the American School in Palestine has been no sinecure this year, and during the last weeks, when we were endeavoring to bring all the efforts of the year to fruition, the days did not contain hours enough for all there was to be done. Not many of our activities would, however, be interesting to others.

During these days a man, who was digging for a cistern on some land near the Damascus Gate, permitted us to watch his work, and we were fortunate enough to discover the foundations of an old Servian monastery, which once gave its name to a gate of Jerusalem. The soil of Jerusalem is full of antiquities, wherever one opens it.

On the 30th of April I gave by invitation a lecture before the Jerusalem branch of the English Palestine Exploration Fund, but not daring to speak to these men who have lived in Palestine for years about things which are more familiar to them than to me, I spoke on the

origin and development of the cuneiform syllabary.

Our last visit to Ramallah was made on May 2d and 3d. The garden was very pretty, with roses, pansies, etc., in bloom. We have become much attached to the people there, and left them with much regret. Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who are at the head of the Friends' Schools at Ramallah, we enjoyed especially. They are among the choice spirits! One interesting bit of work which I had the privilege of doing during these last days was to act as agent in the purchase for Harvard University of a series of models of the succession of buildings in the Temple area at Jerusalem, which were made by the late Doctor Schick. The succession extends from Solomon's Temple to the Mosques which occupy the site to-day. They will be of much interest in America.

I will not trouble you with a description of the last view to the eastward which we had from the Mount of Olives one glorious afternoon, nor with our impressions when we paid a parting visit to the Temple area. On the morning of our last Sunday in the Holy City we drove out to the Garden of Gethsemane, and read over again in the midst of its environment the story of the Master's agony as told in the various

Gospels. It gave the narratives an intense realism, which will, I trust, help us to a better idealism.

Before we left Jerusalem, Mr. Gelat, the Dragoman of the American Consulate, gave us an Arabian dinner. All the dishes were Arabian, and the *pièce de resistance* was a whole roast lamb. I wish I could describe the dishes. It was all very interesting and Oriental. Our host served the guests himself.

On the morning of May 16th we left Jerusalem for Jaffa, where a little business claimed my attention before Palestinian soil was entirely left behind. We discovered before leaving Jerusalem that we had found there many friends of various nationalities and various faiths. When we left Jerusalem the members of our Consulate and many of our friends touched us deeply by rising at an inconveniently early hour to escort us to the train. Many there, as everywhere, exhibit genuine human feeling and kindliness. "He hath made of one blood all nations of men," said Paul, and though the evolutionist might not express the thought through the word "blood," he would surely recognize the truth for which it stands.

The last days in Jerusalem had been rendered very hot by one of the May siroccos, or ozoneless winds from the desert. At Jaffa this wind was

The Garden of Gethsemane.

A Leper Begging near Gethsemane.

counteracted by the sea breezes, and the air was much pleasanter.

Besides finding time in Jaffa for business, we embraced the opportunity to visit the traditional tomb of Dorcas, and the house which tradition points out as that of Simon the tanner, where Peter had the vision which liberalized his theology on at least one point. The latter of these places is on the seashore in a line of houses where tanning is still done, while the former is in the Russian churchyard. From the house of Simon one obtains a fine view of the sea, and from the Russian church-tower a beautiful view of Jaffa. The view of Jaffa from the top of the Jerusalem Hotel is also very charming.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of May 18th we embarked on the steamship "Dakahlieh" of the Khedevial (Egyptian) line. The wind was blowing strongly, so that the embarkation was attended with some danger. We saw one man fall into the turquoise-colored water in attempting to pass to the gangway of the ship from the small boat, which had brought him out to the anchorage. About five o'clock the ship steamed away for Egypt. Three members of the American School accompanied us. We are to continue our work in Egypt.

The "Dakahlieh" was a small ship of 1,600 tons burden only. The night was very rough.

As the waves which roll through the long Mediterranean reach its eastern end, they are compelled to heap up somewhat since they can go no further, and that night they pitched our little ship hither and thither. It made some of our party feel sadder than they had done for a long time.

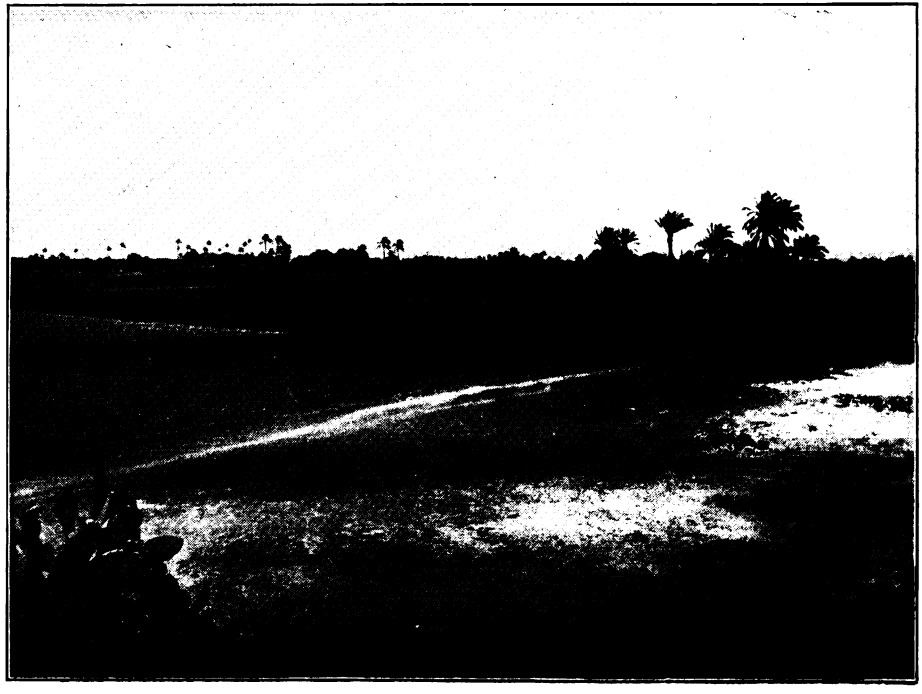
We reached Port Said the next morning about seven o'clock, and by eight were on shore. Port Said is a modern town of no particular interest. It has just land enough under it to keep it from sitting in the water.

May 23d.—I was interrupted the other day, but will continue now.

At Port Said we had to set our watches back twenty minutes, and were thus reminded that we really had traveled westward. At 9.35 we left this town on the narrow-gauge railway and journeyed southward. For fifty miles we had the Suez Canal on our left, and Lake Manzaleh, an arm of the sea which now covers a part of lower Egypt, on our right. With the exception of a little fringe of bushes on the bank of the canal, the land which was in view consisted entirely of bare sand. One obtains here some idea of what a real desert is, and how invaluable a good supply of water is. At Ismailiyeh, about one o'clock, we took lunch and changed cars. From this point the road left the line of the

Jaffa from the Roof of the Jerusalem Hotel.

View from the Traditional House of Simon the Tanner.



In the Land of Goshen.

canal and turned westward, entering the Wady Tumilat. This valley, which is thirty miles in length, is threaded by the Ismailiyeh Canal, by which fresh water is conducted from the Nile to the towns on the Suez Canal. The Ismailiyeh Canal follows the line of an old Egyptian canal, which was first opened, perhaps, in the time of Rameses II. to supply his cities, Pithom and Rameses, with water. At all events the city of Pithom was situated a little to the southwest of Ismailiyeh. Naville proved this some years since by his excavation there, and we saw the site as we passed. Such a city could not have existed here without water. To-day the canal forms through the whole length of Wady Tumilat a ribbon of green that extends through a broad waste of burning sand. While in this valley we beheld the scene of Israel's Egyptian oppression (Ex. 1: 11).

After the train emerged from the Wady Tumilat and came out into the Nile Delta our road traversed the land of Goshen. The abundant irrigation furnished by the Nile makes this land a garden. The country is flat, and from the standpoint of scenery not nearly as beautiful as Palestine, but the soil is rich, the landscape diversified by palms and other trees, harvests and threshing were in progress, and the land appeared prosperous and attractive.

On the edge of the land of Goshen the train stopped at Zakazik, near which are the ruins of Bubastis, the Pibeseth of Ezekiel 30: 17. Here was a temple to the sacred cat, the beginnings of which go back beyond the time of historical records. Hither men and women came every year in large numbers to perform licentious rites. Bubastis was the capital of Egypt during the twenty-second dynasty, and from here Shishak, the first king of that dynasty, went to conquer Rehoboam (1 Kings 14: 25 ff.).

We reached Cairo about five o'clock, and found comfortable accommodations. The next morning was spent at the Gizeh museum, in which a host of the most significant treasures of ancient Egyptian art and life have been gathered. Egypt was the seat of a high civilization for so many centuries, its kings built of such enduring materials, and the climate has preserved them so well, that it is one great archæological museum. All Arabs are not, however, good curators of antiquities, especially since they have learned that Europeans and Americans are willing to pay money for them; then, too, it is inconvenient to wander through a museum seven hundred or more miles long, so a wise government has collected many of the smaller objects and arranged them in the Gizeh. The wealth of material which we saw here is

In the University of Cairo.

The Tombs of the Caliphs.

The Greatest of the Pyramids.

bewildering. We were especially interested in the mummies of the mighty Pharaohs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, many of which hold here a permanent reception to admiring throngs. One of the most striking figures among these is that of Rameses II., the reputed oppressor of the Hebrews. His tall figure, emaciated in death; his bald head, fringed with hair which was dyed red by the embalming liquids; his Roman nose and severe jaw, make him an interesting figure.

After the mid-day siesta, which the heat at this time of year renders imperative, a visit was paid to the Moslem University in the Mosque al-Azhar. This mosque, in 988 A.D., under the Fatimite Caliphs, was turned into a place of learning, and is now thronged by some 12,000 students. Their method of study is not like ours. The clientage of the teachers is purely personal. They sit around on the pavement leaning against a pillar, or Semitic fashion without leaning at all, and a student or group of students squat about to hear the great man's wisdom. Hundreds of others are meantime squatting here and there on the floor of the large hall, or in the open courtyard, studying aloud, often at the top of their voices. This makes the place a perfect bedlam. Their chief study is the Koran and the traditions based upon it. The

building is an attractive example of Arabic architecture.

From the University we passed on beyond the city of Cairo eastward to the Tombs of the Caliphs. This is a veritable city of the dead. Each tomb is a mosque. The architecure is often imposing, being, of course, Arabesque. The usual Oriental combination of splendor, squalor and dirt is well illustrated here.

The next morning we crossed the Nile and took a trolley eight or ten miles out to the pyramids of Gizeh. Here stand the mighty works of Cheops and his successors of the fourth Egyptian dynasty—the great pyramids, the Sphinx and the Granite Temple—works which have been the marvels of mankind ever since foreigners began to penetrate Egypt. One does not dare to say how old these monuments are. As Mark Twain remarks somewhere, "Egyptologists differ 2,600 years with reference to the date of their earliest king—a discrepancy which one would hesitate to allow to his dearest friend"—so I shall not be dogmatic about the date. Probably at least five thousand years looked down upon us when in the presence of these venerable monuments.

By the way, the memory of Mark Twain seems to be especially fresh with the donkey-boys at Gizeh, as is that of some other Ameri-

cans. C. was greeted with: "Lady, you ride my donkey. Markie Twain, he ride my donkey. You know Markie Twain?" Then another: "No! Lady, ride my donkey. Mary Anderson, she ride *my* donkey; my donkey good donkey." So, also, the guides sought to entice us to climb the pyramid with them. "Gentleman, go up pyramid with me; I go with Markie Twain," etc., etc.

The great pyramid is 451 feet high, and the second one is nearly 450 feet. Their form is such that the full height is not perceived. For miles before one reaches Cairo, however, these gigantic objects can be seen towering higher than all else above the ground.

These immense structures were the tombs of the kings whose names they bear—their palaces in death, as much more impressive than the death-homes of other men as their palaces in life had been. Recent excavation, carried on here by German, Italian and American enterprise, has shown that these large structures stand in a city of the dead even more compact than that made by the Tombs of the Caliphs. The rock all about is honeycombed with tombs. Near the pyramids the tombs are large and fine, evidently the tombs of the highest nobles; a little farther away the tombs are smaller, but still quite fine, being the tombs of the middle

class; while on the outskirts of the area there are the tombs of the very poor. Thus the city of the dead corresponds to the city of the living, where houses of the highest nobles cluster about the palace; then come the houses of the middle class, while the poor are farthest removed from the royal dignity.

These tombs are arranged in streets, and it is interesting to note that the streets are widest near the pyramid, and in the poor quarter they degenerate to mere paths—again furnishing an analogy to a city of the living. A part of this work has been done by a fellow student of mine at Harvard, Dr. Reisner. We are disappointed that he is just now in Germany.

The Sphinx is very impressive, and looks as inscrutable as ever.

Yesterday morning three of us took train at 6.45 and rode to the station of Bedrashein, about twenty miles to the southward. There we mounted donkeys and in half an hour were on the site of ancient Memphis, the seat of the god Ptah and the Apis Bull, the capital of Egypt in the time of the third dynasty, and frequently afterwards, and always one of the most important cities of ancient Egypt. Among the Hebrews it was frequently called Noph, and under this name Ezekiel predicted its desolation (Ezek. 30: 13).

This desolation has long since become a reality. On either side of the site there are wretched Arabian villages built of mud from the Nile, but there is little to mark the site of Memphis itself except the torsos of two colossal statues of Rameses I. and Rameses II., which were found on the site of the old temple. Palm groves cover most of the area of the once famous city, but a part of it was covered by a field of Indian corn!

From here we rode on for about an hour to the old necropolis of Memphis, which, like that at Gizeh, is beyond the area of the Nile overflow in the edge of the desert. The definiteness of the line between fertility and barrenness is most striking. Up to the very limit of the Nile irrigation the soil is fertile; beyond that it is a burning waste.

In this necropolis, now called Sakkâra from the name of the nearest village, there are several interesting pyramids, some of which are older than those at Gizeh. One of them—the famous step pyramid—was built by a king of the third dynasty. Some of them were built of brick and are now crumbling. A very interesting tomb is that of a certain Thi, a gentleman who lived under the fifth dynasty. He was master of a large estate and adorned the walls of his tomb with pictures of all the agricultural

processes of the time. Here you see men drawing water with a *sakiyeh* as they do to-day. Others are ploughing, reaping, threshing, milking, doing carpentry, building ships, cooking, etc., etc. Curiously in this unchangeable East many of the processes are the same which one may see going on here now.

Near to this is the famous tomb of the Apis Bulls—an immense rock-cut chamber, where twenty-five of these creatures were buried in gigantic granite sarcophagi, made of stone brought from the first cataract, or some other distance equally great, each one of which weighs many tons, and bears a high polish. What skill in the use of materials and what perseverance are manifested here!

This morning we took the 7.30 train for Matariyeh, the site of the ancient Heliopolis or On, which lies about six miles northeast of Cairo. This was the site of another of Egypt's prominent temples in ancient times. Potiphera, Joseph's father-in-law, was, you will remember, a priest here (Gen. 41:45). Like Memphis Heliopolis is now desolate. A mud village occupies a part of the site, and one lone obelisk, erected by Usertsen I., of the twelfth dynasty, about 2000 B.C., stands a lonely witness of past greatness. This very obelisk was here to look down on Joseph and Asenath!

The Sphinx and the Second Pyramid.

The Step-Pyramid of Sakkara.

The Site of Memphis.

About a mile away, in the village of Matariyeh, there is an old cypress tree. The cypress was sacred in ancient Egypt, and this tree is probably on the site of one which was once worshiped. Its sacredness is now maintained by the tradition that during the flight to Egypt (Matt. 2: 20), Joseph, Mary and the Christ-child encamped under it. It is regarded with reverence and is behung with rags, like other sacred trees.

On our return to Cairo we went again to the Museum, where we met Mr. Maspéro, the Director, who is a great Egyptologist. He was very kind to us.

We are enjoying many interesting sights in Cairo, though it does not seem to us very Oriental after seeing the cities of Syria. There are electric cars, parks and sidewalks, and it reminds us of Paris more than of Jerusalem. Of course, there is a dash of Oriental life here which is quite wanting in Paris, but there is too much of the West here; it obscures the Oriental element.

XVI.

LUXOR, DENDERA AND ALEXANDRIA.

Messageries maritimes paquebot
"Equateur," en route from
Alexandria to Naples,
May 31st, 1903.

I CONCLUDED the last letter in Cairo on the afternoon of the 23d. That night we took the eight o'clock train for Luxor, which we reached the next morning at 10.25. The distance from Cairo to Luxor is 457 miles by the Nile, but by the railway it is only 418. The railway is a very good one. At this time of the year the night train includes a sleeping car only three times a week; we had chosen for our journey one of the nights when it ran, and had this commodious accommodation all to ourselves. The sleeping cars here are of the European pattern, and we each had an apartment to himself.

Egypt, above Cairo, is only a little ribbon of verdure between two barren deserts. This ribbon is made by the Nile, and extends always as far back from the river as the water can overflow at flood. As this varies with the slope of the land, the ribbon also varies in width from two to twenty miles. One is therefore never far from the desert, the sand of which drifts and

drifts in the wind. At this time of the year even the fertile part of the soil is very dry and dusty. As the night was warm, and we were compelled to have the windows of the sleeping car open, there was in the morning an eighth of an inch of dust over everything in the room. The sheets of the bed, our clothing, the chairs, and even one's hair, were red with it. One "sat in ashes" and had "earth upon his head" whether glad or sorrowful, repentant or otherwise. We breakfasted in the dining car, of which we were also the sole patrons. It and the sleeping car were apparently run for our sole benefit.

In Lower Egypt the harvest was going on, and threshing floors were to be seen all through the country. As we approached Luxor all signs of such work ceased. It is so much further south that the harvest was over, the threshing done, the goats had eaten the very stubble from the fields, and all except the palm orchards and melon gardens looked dry.

Luxor is on a part of the site of ancient Thebes, which was the capital of Egypt for more than seven hundred years. As the house where we established ourselves was only five minutes' walk from the temple of Luxor, after removing a little of the dust of travel, we spent an hour in examining the remains of the tem-

ple. It is a most splendid ruin. The structure was begun by Amenophis III., of the eighteenth dynasty, and enlarged by Rameses II., of the nineteenth, who is generally supposed to have been the oppressor of the Israelites. The fine columns which are still standing are most impressive. On the façade is written the poem of Pentaur, in which he describes the great battle of Kadesh, in which Rameses overcame the Hittites. This account is profusely illustrated with pictures, which, like the text, are carved in the stone.

In one of the rooms of the temple there is a picture of a god making a man on a potter's wheel, which reminds one of Jeremiah's figure of the potter and the vessel in Jeremiah 18 and 19, which St. Paul takes up again in Romans 9 to 11, and which has played such a prominent part in the Calvinistic theology. It was a thought that the Egyptians entertained as long ago as the days of the Israelitish sojourn here.

The Egyptian kings had a passion for placing pictures and inscriptions on every available bit of masonry. The walls of all the ruins near Luxor are completely covered with them. These ruins are thus a great historical library.

At noon we were driven in by the heat for a mid-day siesta. Luxor is within two degrees of the Tropic of Cancer. It is the most southern

The Site of Heliopolis, or On.

The Contrast between Fertile and Barren Land in Egypt.

In the Temple of Luxor.

The Temple of Seti I. at Kurna.

point of our wanderings. When we were there, although it was nearly a month to the summer solstice, the sun was so nearly overhead that at noon the tallest buildings cast a shadow less than a foot wide. The day of which I am speaking—the 24th—was, I think, the hottest that I ever experienced, though we had no thermometer with us and could not ascertain the exact degree of heat.

About five o'clock, when it was cooler, we took donkeys and rode down the Nile about half an hour to the temple of Karnak. This was also one of the temples of Thebes, but it now bears the name of the small Arabian village near it.

The donkey boys of Egypt are very sharp fellows. They have American, English, French, German and Russian names for their donkeys. When they see a traveler they can usually tell at once from what country he comes, and by means of a name calculated to appeal to the traveler's patriotism each boy seeks to persuade him to employ his donkey. On this ride to Karnak I was carried by "Lake Michigan," while one of the students was mounted on "Chicago." The temple of Karnak is the finest ruin in Egypt, and one of the finest in the world. It was the temple of Amon, the god of Thebes, and from the time when Thebes became the capital of Egypt, king after king made additions

to it. The present ruin represents structures built by various kings from Usertsen I., about 2000 B.C., down to Ptolemy Philadelphus, 250 B.C., including work by Thothmes III. and Rameses II., Shishak, Alexander the Great, and many others. Its hall of pillars, built by Rameses II., is unsurpassed. It is useless to attempt a description of it. You have no doubt often seen it pictured. To my regret the sun had set before we reached this hall, and though I tried to take a photograph of it, meeting with remarkable success considering the conditions, it is not worthy of the magnificent subject.

The ruins here include many temples added at various times, and cover many acres. The main temple was more luxurious than the Parthenon at Athens—larger and more ornate, but on the whole not so beautiful. The style of Egyptian architecture gives it a somber effect. Greek architecture is much more cheerful.

We reached Luxor again just at dark. As we passed through the market place we came upon an interesting scene. During the heat of the day all people had been driven in-doors, but now that the cool of the evening had come on they had come out for business. Vendors of food and various wares were squatting all about the irregular square with their wares arranged around them. Their faces appeared uncanny in

In the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

Temple at Der el-Bakhri.

the light of the lurid torches, and a babel of voices created great confusion. It seemed like a scene from Dante's *Inferno.*

That night was too hot for sleep. We sat down to breakfast the next morning at 4.15 and by five o'clock were crossing the Nile in a "Dahabiyeh," or native boat. Once on the other side, "Lake Michigan," "Chicago," and their long-eared associates were again brought into service. Half an hour later we were standing before the temple of Kurna, built on the edge of the desert by Seti I., the father of Rameses II. These ruins are in a good state of preservation and are very interesting.

From this point we rode around into a desolate valley in the mountains of the Lybian desert, in which no green thing ever grows, to the Tombs of the Kings. This was the necropolis of the kings of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth dynasties. Each tomb consists of a series of chambers cut into the solid rock, the walls of which are adorned with religious texts and paintings. Many of these are highly colored, and are, in spite of the defects of Egyptian art, beautiful. One could spend days here delightfully occupied in superficial observations only. Weeks would be necessary for any real study.

On leaving the Tombs of the Kings we

climbed over a spur of the mountain, descending on the other side into a valley where stood the most unique temple in Egypt. It is now called Der-el-Bakhri. It was built by Hatshepset, the remarkable queen of the eighteenth dynasty, and was literally carved out of the mountain side. The site selected was at a point where the slope of the land enabled the architect to level off three platforms, or areas, one above the other, and to construct the temple in three stages, which rise each higher than the one in front of it, the last of them standing against a perpendicular wall of rock—the side of the mountain. Some of the beautiful columns are still standing, and where these have perished the government is erecting cheap substitutes, in order to support a roof which shall protect from the weather the many interesting paintings and hieroglyphs. At a little distance, therefore, when these are finished the temple will present much the same appearance that it did in the days of old.

After a brief call at one or two ancient tombs we proceeded to a temple which was built by Rameses II., and which is in consequence called the Ramesseum. It, too, is a very interesting ruin, though it accords much more closely with the ordinary plan of an Egyptian temple than the one at Der-el-Bakhri. In the shelter of this

ruin we passed our mid-day siesta, escaping within its shadows the burning heat of the noontide sun.

About 3.30 we mounted again and visited two more ruined temples, one at Der-el-Medina, which dates from the Ptolemaic period, and one at Medinet Habu, which was built by Rameses III. This last contains some interesting historical inscriptions and pictures.

On our way eastward we stopped to inspect the two colossal figures which Amenophis III., of the eighteenth dynasty, erected before a temple which has long since vanished. The Greeks called these the Colossi of Memnon. The northern of the two statues became broken in Roman times, and it was noticed that after that it emitted a musical note at sunrise. This gave rise to a myth to account for the phenomenon. The myth is, however, Greek and not Egyptian. The southern figure is in the better state of preservation. It now stands sixty-five feet high, and when the crown was on its head was probably sixty-nine feet in height.

Thence we returned to Luxor, where the night was not quite so hot as the preceding.

Breakfasting the next morning at 4.30, we took the 5.30 train going northward, and reached Keneh about seven o'clock. This town is about twenty-five miles north of Luxor. We

went thence by donkeys to the river, crossed it in a "Dahabiyeh," and thence by donkey again to the temple of Dendera, which is situated about an hour and a half from the railway station on the opposite side of the river. This temple was built by the Roman emperor Augustus to the goddess Hathor, and is in an excellent state of preservation. Time has made fewer ravages in it than in any of the other temples that we have seen. One obtains here an excellent idea of the simplicity and strength of the Egyptian style of architecture.

We had an experience with donkey boys on this trip which was rather unusual for the East, though, I fear, common at Keneh. Usually when an Arab makes a bargain you can rely on him to stand by it, but the donkey boys of Keneh are of a different type. As it is late in the season travelers are few. When we left the train we were accordingly attacked by a perfect mob of boys, each of whom was determined to secure a customer for his donkey. So fierce was the onset that we were compelled to swing our umbrellas to keep them from trampling us under foot. In order to secure us, three boys bargained for a very low price, and then when they had reached a point a mile or two from the station demanded more. As a matter of discipline we compelled them to stand by their origi-

A part of the Ramesseum.

242 *Façade of the Temple of Rameses III. at Medinet Habu.*

Statues of Amenophis III., called the Colossi of Memnon.

Temple of Hathor, Dendera.

nal bargain, though it was rather unpleasant business. Their "sheik," even after we had returned to the station, brought a policeman and tried to frighten us into paying more. We quietly stood our ground, however, until they desisted. If a few successive travelers would teach them a similar lesson, it would break up a knavish method of doing business.

The hot part of the day was passed in the station at Keneh, waiting for the night train to Cairo. This came at last and the next morning landed us, covered with dust as before, in Cairo.

That day was spent in Cairo, visiting the Museum again, shopping in the bazaars, and visiting the citadel. This last is situated to the east of the city on a spur of the Mokattam hills. It commands a fine view of Cairo, the Nile, an old Roman aqueduct, the pyramids, and the Lybian mountains. As we saw this scene in the light of the setting sun, which illuminated the many minarets of Cairo, it was charming. The pyramids, the aqueduct and the minarets represented three different types of civilization which have been successively dominant here, while an English officer, now and then visible in the fortress below us, represented still another.

The next morning was spent in another dusty railway ride from Cairo to Alexandria, in the course of which we passed near a number of

sites famous in antiquity. Upon reaching Alexandria we had traveled 1,165 miles on Egyptian railways. Much cotton was seen growing in different parts of the country, as well as some Indian corn.

Alexandria, like Port Said, is low-lying and flat. It is a very European city, and interested us mainly for its historical associations. One cannot forget that it is the city of Alexander the Great, and the home of such Christian thinkers as Clement, Origen and Athanasius.

That afternoon we visited "Pompey's Pillar," (so called because somebody once thought that Pompey might have been buried there), and a fine catacomb of the Roman period, which is cut out of the solid sandstone. This tomb, which was discovered in 1900 presents a combination of Egyptian and of Græco-Roman decoration which is very interesting. It is a potent witness to the conglomeration of civilizations which that age afforded.

The next day we embarked upon this French ship, the "Equateur," and sailed a little after noon for Naples. As there had been one or two cases of plague in remote parts of Egypt, we were given a medical inspection before the ship sailed. This was rather an amusing affair. We passed along in line and a doctor looked earn-

estly into the faces of the men, while a nurse gazed eagerly into the faces of the women, each making a feint to feel the pulse of their respective patients. The doctor's grasp of my hand was such that he came nowhere near the pulse, but he seemed satisfied.

The "Equateur" is a ship of about 4,000 tons, and is crowded with people, only a few of whom speak English. We have had so far a comparatively smooth and pleasant voyage.

Egypt is a monotonous country, and but for its archæological remains would be of little interest to the traveler. It is in many respects the opposite of Palestine. In Palestine there is endless variety. Nowhere in the world are such contrasts of scenery, climate and temperature crowded into so small a space. One type of climate and of scenery is stamped upon all of Egypt. In Palestine the rain and fertility come from above and point men's thoughts upward; in Egypt they come from the Nile water, which soaks into the soil beneath and chains men's thoughts below. One no longer marvels that Palestine, not Egypt, was the home of the Prophets and of Christ.

June 1st.—We passed the Straits of Messina between four and five o'clock this morning, going between Scylla and Charybdis, and be-

tween eight and nine o'clock the island of Stromboli, with its smoking volcano. At noon we were eighty-five miles from Naples.

June 2d.—We left the ship last night about eight o'clock, were delayed a long time at quarantine, but finally reached shore about ten. We found the Medical Man and the Artist here, and it is inexpressibly good to see them again.

Companions in Toil near Keneh.

A Vendor of Cool Drink, Cairo.

Pompey's Pillar, so-called, at Alexandria.

A Basilica, Pompeii.

XVII.

NAPLES, POMPEII, ROME AND FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, ITALY, June 19th, 1903.

IN MY last letter I informed you that we had reached Naples, but gave you none of the interesting details connected with our landing at that beautiful spot. We came into the Bay of Naples from the south, passing between the island of Capri and the main land. The ship steamed northward across the bay with smoking Vesuvius in full view. It was toward sunset, and the scene was most charming. The water, like all the Mediterranean, possesses an indescribably blue tint, the shores seemed wonderfully green after Egypt, and the evening light gave the whole picture a delightful mellowness, which was most refreshing. The "Equateur" anchored at 6.45 p.m. About eight o'clock we were transferred by means of a smaller boat to the sanitary station. There they searched all luggage for soiled clothing, which they proceeded to steam under pressure, to kill the germs of bubonic plague. They overlooked all our soiled clothing except one collar of mine, but having cleansed that, the great kingdom of Italy was safe! We did not wait to get the collar back.

Then came the customs examination on the other side of the harbor, after which we were free.

Since landing at Naples the Medical Man and the Artist have been our companions, and they are a great addition to our party. By the way, it is just a year to-day since they and we all gathered in Montreal to sail for Europe.

While in Naples Professor and Mrs. Paton, our successors in Jerusalem, passed us on their way out to the School, and we had some pleasant conferences.

We spent six days in Naples and vicinity. The scenery thereabout has been greatly praised, but not a bit too highly.

One day was given to Pompeii, a most wonderful ruin. The ashes from Vesuvius, at the eruption of 79 A.D., filled up the houses to a height of ten or fifteen feet, so that the walls to this height are preserved. Now that the ashes are cleared away one can trace the ground plans of all buildings great and small. On many of the walls beautiful frescoes still remain. Its homes, its forums, its temples, its market places, its amphitheater, and the stone pavements of its streets, deeply cut by the ruts of the cart wheels of long ago, still remain. The dead city looks as though a great fire had swept over it.

Another day we drove along the shore of the

Naples and Vesuvius.

Frescoes in a Pompeian Residence.

Pozzuoli and the Bay of Naples.

Bay of Naples, past Virgil's tomb, to Pozzuoli, the Puteoli at which St. Paul landed in Italy, when on his way to Rome in the spring of 61 A.D. There is here an old Roman amphitheater, in which, according to tradition, some early Christians fought with beasts. Here, too, is the half-extinct volcano of Solfitara, into the crater of which we went, walking about on land so hot that its warmth could be felt through our shoes. Here and there in the crater were pools of boiling water, while on one side of it fissures exist through which the steam rushes fiercely. We looked into this little volcano instead of trying the fatiguing climb up Vesuvius. After the heat of Egypt and the earthquake of Jerusalem, we were not eager to spend five dollars for the pleasure of encountering the toil and excitement of Vesuvius.

Naples itself has some ways of its own which are rather interesting. The milkmen, for example, drive three or four cows and a calf or two around from house to house. As they pass along the street they shout "Milk"! When a family desires some a maid puts her head out at a window and speaks to him. He stops, the maid takes a pitcher down to him, and he milks into it what she wishes. Meantime the calves turn in and do a little business on their own account. When the right quantity is secured the man

takes his pay and the procession moves on. We heard that in apartment houses milkmen drive goats up to the top floor and milk them there, but I did not see this.

The railway ride of more than five hours from Naples to Rome was very pleasant. Various parts of the Apennines were in view most of the time, and the landscapes were beautifully green and refreshing to the eye. Southern Italy produces for the most part the same kind of crops which grow in Palestine, but of course they ripen here at a different season. In contrast to the parched condition of Egypt the verdure of Italy is especially enjoyable.

We entered Rome from the south. The train crossed the Campagna and passed under the ruins of an old aqueduct just before reaching the city.

In Rome we passed a most interesting week. It is a place to attract the traveler, whether his interest is excited more by ancient or by modern civilization. It was the creator of the Roman empire. Its forum was long the center of the affairs of civilized man. This has been in part laid bare by excavaton, and is a most fascinating spot. Recent digging has revealed here unexpected antiquity. Tombs have been discovered which antedate Romulus and Remus, and are probably as old as 1000 B.C. Here are the

arches of Titus, Septimius Severus, and of Constantine—witnesses of the martial triumphs of Rome. Here are many ruined temples—the homes of historic cults. Not far away is the Mamertine Prison, where, perhaps, St. Paul was confined. Here, too, is the ruin of the gigantic Colosseum, where many a Christian sacrificed his life in conflict with the beasts.

Great as are these remains of the old Roman power, they lack the grace and truthfulness of the monuments at Athens. The Athenians sought to give lasting expression to a beautiful idea by embodying it in genuine marble; the Romans built a monument to the glory of some man, constructing it of cement and only facing it with marble. Now that the marble has broken away, it seems often a sorry sham in comparison with the stone monuments of Greece and Egypt, which are beautiful even in ruin.

Rome is now the capital of Italy and the head of the Roman Catholic world. Its palaces, churches, art galleries and library are among the most magnificent, rarest and extensive in the world. Italy has been especially great in great masters of painting and sculpture, and much of the work of the greatest of them is in the Vatican. Michael Angelo, Raphael, and many others, have contributed their masterpieces to this marvelous collection.

We were especially fortunate in having made in Jerusalem the acquaintance of Signor and Signora R., whose home is in Rome. Signor R. is an able writer and scholar, whose work has attracted wide attention. These good friends were most kind to us while we were in Rome. Signor R. himself devoted a morning to showing us the best pictures in the Vatican. Through him I made the acquaintance of Professor Guidi, the greatest Orientalist in Italy; Doctor Nogara, the greatest Librarian in Italy, and Professor Lanciani, the charming writer on ancient Rome.

Two of these gentlemen showed me many rare MSS. in the Vatican Library—among them the MS. of the treatise which Henry VIII., of England, wrote against Martin Luther, for which the Pope conferred upon him the title, "Defender of the Faith"—a title which the English sovereign bears to this day. I had also the rare privilege of turning over the leaves of the famous Vatican MS. of the Bible—perhaps the most important Greek MS. in existence.

Professor Norton, the Director of the American School at Rome, was a former colleague of mine at Bryn Mawr. Although he was absent in Turkestan, it was very pleasant to meet Mrs. N. A former student at Bryn Mawr has been at work for the past two years in the American

St. Peter's Church, Rome.

The Vatican.

In the Roman Forum.

School here, devoting herself especially to the study of the Temple of Vesta in the Forum. She kindly acted as cicerone for us amid the remains of that historic spot. Through her I had the pleasure of meeting Signor Boni, who is conducting the excavations in the Forum, the results of which have been so remarkable.

On the whole the Colosseum, where Ignatius of Antioch and other early Christians were martyred, and the Catacombs, where the early Christians buried their dead and worshiped in time of persecution, impressed me more than anything else in Rome. I have seen many rock-cut tombs in Palestine and Egypt which were more splendid than the Catacombs, and in a much better state of preservation. Their superior state of preservation arises from the nature of the rock in those countries. In Palestine and Egypt it is limestone or sandstone, while at Rome it is a soft volcanic rock—simply cooled lava. The vast extent of the Catacombs, their association with early Christian suffering, and their quaint symbols of Christian faith, made them, however, very interesting. This interest was, nevertheless, somewhat impaired by the repairs which the Roman Church has here and there attempted in the crumbling rock. Modern brick-work is a poor substitute for a genuine catacomb!

We just missed seeing the Pope while in Rome. We had letters to two dignitaries of the Roman Church, who were supposed to possess the key to every door in Rome, but the necessity of looking up a new boarding place the day after our arrival made us too late for the only audience that was given that week.* We hoped that there would be another later in the week, but the news of the massacre of the royal family of Servia so affected his Holiness that no other audience was given. On the whole, I think it is perhaps as well that we did not meet him, for I fear that I should not have been able to act as did Stephen Grellet, and yet a consistent Friend ought hardly to act otherwise!

The Pope is about ninety-three years old, and has to be cared for most tenderly. The temperature of his room is always regulated to a certain degree. Everything that he eats and drinks is weighed, and all over-exertion is carefully guarded against.

Through Dr. Ferrata, the Procurator General of the Augustinian Order, we were shown the Papal treasures and vestments—all the gems and jewels which kings and princes have sent to the Popes during the centuries, together with

* The audience here referred to was the last public audience Leo XIII. ever gave. He died the next month, after an illness of some weeks.

most splendid robes for every possible ceremonial, some of them the gifts of monarchs. Artemus Ward would say that "the Pope-business pays better than teaching"! The Pope has more good clothes than any one whom I know.

The ride of five hours and a quarter from Rome to Florence was also very beautiful. At first the road followed the banks of the Tiber for many miles, then it wound through a long succession of spurs of the Apennines, passed Lake Trasimeno, and entered the valley of the Arno, where Florence nestles among the hills.

Here we are spending a week in the city of Dante and Savonarola—the home, too, of several of the greatest artists whom Italy ever produced. The churches and art galleries of Florence abound in the works of these artists. There are literally miles of pictures and also much famous statuary. It is a paradise for our artistic sister. As for me, I am somewhat sated with sight seeing, and I fear these works do not impress me as they should. Now and then the religious expression exhibited in a Madonna or a Prophet stirs and elevates my soul, but the limited range of themes which the painters of the middle age allowed themselves is wearisome. One sees Perseus liberating Andromeda, Leda and the Swan, Susanna at the bath, or St. Sebastien suffering martyrdom, represented over and

over again. Then each painter must needs paint a Madonna and Child, an Annunciation, a Descent from the Cross, etc., etc.—all most sacred themes, but, like the same sermon given over and over again, they lose their attractiveness.

But this is heresy enough for the present!

XVIII.

VENICE, MILAN, SWITZERLAND.

GUNTEN, on Lake Thun, Switzerland,
July 5th, 1903.

AFTER I closed my last letter we remained in Florence still a few days. Florence is a much smaller city than Rome, and though not such a commanding figure in the world's history, is rich in historical associations. Some of its buildings are among the most famous in Europe. Of course we enjoyed the Duomo, or cathedral, which is very fine, though to my taste the fact that the exterior is constructed of marble of different colors detracts from the perfect effect of its architectural proportions. Beside it as its Campanile stands Giotto's Tower, justly famed for its fine proportions. The Pitti Palace, the Bargello and the Church of Santa Croce were among the architectural works which also attracted us.

Fiesole, a suburb of Florence, which is situated on a hill several hundred feet higher than Florence, is a very interesting and beautiful place. It contains an old amphitheater, in the foundations of which is some pre-historic Etruscan work, for Florence is the capital of Tuscany, once the stronghold of that remarkable pre-

Latin race. The view of Florence from the heights of Fiesole is very beautiful, as is the landscape of hills and valleys which one beholds, if he looks in the opposite direction.

The journey from Florence to Venice was a most interesting day. About an hour after leaving Florence the train climbed up over the Apennine range. This ascent afforded a series of most beautiful views. The railway wound round and round up a spiral like a corkscrew. A part of the spiral was in curved tunnels and a part of it in the open air, so that we kept coming out higher and higher up than we were before, and obtaining wider and wider views. At last, near the top of the mountain, we plunged through a long tunnel and then followed the windings of a brook down the other side.

After a while the old university town of Bologna was passed, after which a level plain was entered and the mountains disappeared. In this plain the river Po and several smaller streams were crossed. Towards evening we passed the city of Padua, famous in the middle age as the seat of a university. Soon after this the train crossed a long stone causeway and stopped at the station in Venice.

Venice has, as you know, canals instead of streets. It is built on 117 islands which are situated in a lagoon at the head of the Adriatic.

The Colosseum.

Florence.

The Doge's Palace, Venice.

The Cathedral, Milan.

The walls of many of the houses are washed by the water of the canals. There is a system of narrow footpaths running through the city and connected over the canals by narrow bridges, but all the traffic is carried on in boats. The tramway is a line of steamboats on the Grand Canal, and if one wishes to travel on one of the smaller canals he takes a gondola. It is a quiet, dream-like, bewitching city.

Once Venice was mistress of the Mediterranean and possessed large dependencies in the East, but modern railways and steam routes have deprived her of her trade, her independence is a thing of the past, and she exists now chiefly for the delectation of travelers.

At the station we loaded our bags aud ourselves into a gondola, and were slowly paddled to our hotel on the Grand Canal. Here we could see the fairy-like life of the city ever going on before our eyes. For this purpose we had selected rooms which overlooked the canal. The scenes were especially beautiful at night. Several barges of considerable size, each illuminated with numerous Chinese lanterns, would station themselves at different points on the canal, and a chorus on board each one would give a concert. This was beautiful to look at, and the singing was excellent, but as they kept

it up till midnight, except once when they were interrupted by rain, it sometimes became a nuisance.

The Square of St. Mark's, in spite of the fact that its beautiful Campanile fell last year, is one of the most beautiful squares that I have seen in any city. I have seen no building which seems architecturally so unique and charming as the Palace of the Doges. St. Mark's Church is Oriental and gorgeous. It has its own type of beauty, but is far surpassed by several Gothic cathedrals. I know of no place, unless it be one or two spots in Paris, that can compare in beauty with this chief square of Venice.

Of course marks of decay appear in most parts of the city. The buildings are erected on piles, and in the lapse of time the piles sink unevenly. The result is that most of the walls have a tipsy appearance, while the floors are actually intoxicated.

There are in Venice many famous paintings, two of which impressed me as really great. These were Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" and Tintoretto's "Crucifixion." The latter is a powerful picture.

On the morning of June 25th we left Venice for a ride of five hours and forty minutes to Milan. On the way we passed through Verona,

a beautiful, historic town, and afterward climbed in view of beautiful hills past azure Lake Gorde up into the plains of Lombardy.

Our train reached Milan at 2.25 in the afternoon. An hour later the Medical Man and the Artist went on to Genoa to sail next day for America, so we were left once more without their cheering companionship. Enough of the afternoon remained to enable us to see the cathedral and the celebrated painting of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci.

On the outside the cathedral is disappointing. As some one has said, it looks like an over-ornamented wedding cake. Its interior, however, places it among the most beautiful of Gothic cathedrals. Its lofty, branching pillars and beautiful stained glass create in one that feeling which comes over him in the depths of the forest, and which causes his thoughts to mount upward.

The "Last Supper" was painted on the wall of the dining room of an old monastery. Owing to the material on which it was painted, it is rapidly fading out. Nevertheless it is still a powerful picture. Many of the pictures of Biblical scenes which one sees in Italy are disappointing, especially to one who has just come from Palestine. The landscapes and the architecture of these pictures are Italian and not

Palestinian, and Christ and the Apostles are frequently made to figure as monks of the middle ages. Ecclesiastical ignorance and tradition could not well squeeze out life and reality more completely than it has done in some of these.

In da Vinci's "Last Supper," however, as in Tintoretto's "Crucifixion," the artist has banished monastic conventions, and, although he could not give a strictly correct Oriental representation, he has so portrayed human feeling in its various phases that, as one gazes at his picture, he comes face to face with a great reality.

Da Vinci has chosen for his picture the moment at the supper when Christ declared, "One of you shall betray me," and when the disciples —all but Judas—are asking, "Is it I?" The anxiety and consternation felt by the eleven, the nervous guilt of Judas, and the inexpressible sadness of Christ, are all admirably pictured.

We found at Milan many home letters, which were most welcome. The next day we turned our faces northward toward Lucerne. This journey was a marvelously beautiful one. For the first three hours we were riding in what is called the "Italian Lake District," though most of it is in the Italian-speaking part of Switzerland. The combination of majestic mountains, sometimes capped with snow, and charming

water views as we came past Lakes Como, Lugano and Maggiore was most beautiful. Our enjoyment of it was only broken by the necessity of dragging all our luggage out at Chiasso, the Swiss frontier, for the customs examination.

This ride was like the ride over the Apennines, only much more grand. On each side of the Alps there is a spiral grade, where half of the time or more the train is in a curved tunnel. Our train climbed up and up in this manner till we were 3,700 feet above the level of the sea, when it shot through the heart of the Alps by means of the St. Gothard tunnel. This tunnel is nine and a half miles long. It took our express train twenty minutes to go through it. Above it the summits of the Alps tower 6,000 feet higher still. Thus there is more than a mile of perpendicular earth above this highway of the nations. The glimpses of snow-capped mountains, which were obtained all day long, were charming. Much of the day was spent in darkness, however, as there are more than eighty tunnels on this road, and several of them are long ones.

In the afternoon we passed through the village of Altdorf, the traditional home of William Tell. Later a glimpse of the upper end of Lake Lucerne was obtained. Still later our

train passed by Lake Zug and around by the base of the Rigi to the city of Lucerne, which is situated at the western, or lower, end of the lake of the same name. Here we established ourselves at Hotel Belvedere, where we had a room with a balcony, which overlooked the lake. The view from this balcony was charming. Rigi was on our extreme left; Pilatus, across the lake in front of us; while to the right many other peaks arose. Lake Lucerne is thought by some to be the most beautiful lake in Europe.

At Lucerne we spent two nights. On the whole, we did not care to remain longer. The town is beautiful, but its inhabitants exist to live from travelers, or think that travelers exist to support them. This spirit reaches a climax in the Hotel Belvedere, which was very clean, and, though not large, was in other respects

> "Like them big hotels
> Where they jest shift the plates,
> And let you live on smells."

I could report some extortionate regulations of this hostelry if it were worth while to take the space. On the whole, I would recommend it as a place to avoid.

On the 27th we came around to this little hamlet on Lake Thun. Gunten is about twenty-five miles from Berne, the capital of Switzer-

land. Here we have found a quiet German-Swiss Pension, where we have spent a week in almost absolute rest. We have read and written only enough each day to make sure that we still had minds. The remainder of the time we have spent sleeping, eating, sitting under the trees, or gently walking. The latter occupation has not attracted us as much as it would were the walks not so perpendicular. We are among the Alps on a hillside five hundred feet above the lake, and we cannot go many rods in any direction without going either up hill or down.

I wish I could show you the view on which we have been looking for the last eight days. It is wonderfully beautiful! The charming lake is surrounded by rugged mountains, lofty and steep as Alps have a way of being. Just across the lake from us the Niessen rises like a great pyramid, deep valleys on either side separating it from the neighboring hills. As one looks up these valleys the eye is delighted with a vista of hills and mountains of various shades of blue. The more easterly of the two valleys ends in mountain peaks which are capped with eternal snow. To the extreme west a most jagged mountain is seen across the lake, one peak of which is so steep on the side toward us that it seems to lean over backward. But it is in the extreme east that the climax of beauty and

grandeur appears, for beyond the lofty mountains which rise abruptly from the lake three grand white peaks, Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau stand in perpetual majesty. The most prominent of these, the Jungfrau, lifts its head to a height of 13,670 feet. It is an inspiring view, but the air is so dense that I have not succeeded in catching it satisfactorily in the camera.

After all our wandering and work we have been content for the most part just to vegetate in the midst of this beauty, but it did not seem right not to obtain a nearer view of it. Accordingly the day before yesterday we took a steamboat up to Interlaken, at the head of the lake, and went from there to Lauterbrunnen by rail. This road runs up the Lauterbrunnen Valley, the banks of which rise almost perpendicularly to a height of a thousand feet on either side. A beautiful foaming mountain torrent rushes along, now on one side, now on the other, while numerous rivulets of silvery whiteness dash down the sides of the valley. The grade ascended so rapidly as we went southward in this valley, that in several places a third toothed rail was laid in the middle of the track into which a cogwheel fitted.

At Lauterbrunnen there is one of the most beautiful sights which I ever saw. The Staub-

bach, or "dust brook," plunges over the side of the valley and falls 980 feet in one plunge. As it comes down it beats itself into spray against the air, and falls like rain upon the grass. As the sun shines through it it is very beautiful.

At Lauterbrunnen we changed to the car of an inclined cable railway, similar to the one at Mount Royal in Montreal but much longer. In this we went up and up nearly half a mile almost perpendicularly. The ascent takes twenty minutes, and it is a grand, though somewhat terrifying, experience to see the trees, houses and rocks receding far, far below one as the car climbs this precipice. At the top a car on an electric railway took us to the southward three or four miles along the edge of the gorge, still climbing upward till we reached the village of Mürren. This little hamlet is more than a mile above the level of the sea. Here one is face to face with a magnificent panorama of eternal snow. Just across the deep valley of the Lauterbrunnen, which at the top is probably not more than half a mile wide, there is a semicircle of snow-capped peaks, eleven of which are important enough to have separate names. The highest of these is the Jungfrau, which is visible from our boarding place, but which from this point is much more impressive. Between these peaks the glaciers, or slow-moving streams

of snow and ice, are visible. They move only a few feet in a year. At their foot they melt into water, which dashes in feathery streamlets into the valleys below.

Here, in view of these wonderful works of God, we sat on the grass and engaged in the prosaic process of eating lunch. In the presence of whatever beauty or spirituality, while on this side of heaven, one has to eat! We were not altogether fleshly, however, for lunch lasted but a few minutes, while for an hour and a half we feasted our eyes on these marvels.

XIX.

FROM SWITZERLAND TO BOSTON.

Leyland Line Steamship "Devonian,"
North Atlantic Ocean,
August 18th, 1903.

WHEN I last wrote we were, I think, at Gunten, in Switzerland. We left that quiet hamlet on July 6th and traveled partly by steamer on Lake Thun and partly by rail to Berne, the Swiss capital.

Berne is a homelike little city, which contains many old and quaint houses. It has also some fine buildings, among which are the Parliament Buildings and the Cathedral. Berne takes its name from the German word for "bear," and the bear is the symbol of the town. Images of bears are seen everywhere. At one end of the town is a bear-pit, where several fine, fat bears are kept. All tourists go to see them, and one always finds a crowd feeding them. As one watches these lazy, powerful creatures vieing with one another to secure a morsel of food, the truth is borne in upon him, that either there is a good deal of human nature in bears, or a good deal of bear nature in men.

In the evening an organ concert in the cathedral attracted us. Selections from Haydn,

Wagner and Bach were played. The organist was skillful, and gave us a delightful evening. I never dreamed before how much the music of a fine organ may be made like that of an orchestra.

Some six hours of the next day were spent in the train, as we journeyed from Berne to Dijon in France. The route lay along beautiful Lake Neuchâtel, through the town of the same name, then westward through the charming hills which separate Switzerland from France. After the usual formalities of the French customs at Pontalier (which, like all such formalities in western Europe, are made unnecessarily inconvenient), the way gradually descended through attractive uplands to Dijon, the capital of the Duchy of Bourgogne, where we spent the night.

Dijon is an interesting Provincial French city. Its chief attraction as we saw it consists of some beautiful churches. Another ride of nearly six hours the next day brought us to Paris. On this journey we were impressed with the fact that in one respect the French railways are behind those of the other civilized countries. In France no provision is made to separate the smokers from the other passengers. A lady to whom the combination of stale tobacco smoke and the motion of a moving

train are disagreeable has no way of escape from a selfish smoker. In this respect France is on a level with Turkey.

Reaching Paris on July 8th, we were joined there on the 11th by J. and M., who had just come over from America. It was a great pleasure to be with them again, and we have enjoyed much together in the weeks which have since passed.

Upon returning to Paris after all our wanderings we were impressed anew with the great artistic beauty of the city. It is so planned as to exhibit its beautiful architecture to the best advantage, and it has much beautiful architecture to exhibit. Its unbroken sky-line is one important feature in the beauty of Paris. The blot produced by the ugly skyscraper is happily absent.

We were greatly interested while in Paris in seeing the stone pillar on which the laws of Hammurabi are written. You have doubtless seen accounts of these laws. They are inscribed on a stone pillar about seven feet in height, which was found a year or two ago at Susa. They were written by a Babylonian king about 2,250 B.C.—a thousand years before Moses. There are numerous points of resemblance between these laws and those contained in the

Pentateuch. The stone on which they are inscribed has been placed on exhibition in the Louvre since we were here last year.

We were in Paris on July 14th, the French national holiday—their Fourth of July. The contrast between their national celebration and ours impressed us much. Their method of celebration is much more refined and civilized than ours. The barbarous fire-cracker, which in the United States renders life a burden at such times, was almost entirely absent. No drunkenness was visible, even late at night. There were parades and reviews, and simple, joyous entertainments in which whole families took part. In the evening the public buildings were tastefully illuminated, and in two or three parts of the city there were beautiful displays of fireworks. The glad seriousness which was everywhere manifested gave me a new and very favorable impression of the strength and dignity of the French character.

On July 16th I left the rest of our party in Paris and crossed over to London. The next two weeks were spent quietly in the British Museum and among some friends in London. Two expeditions broke the quiet of these days. On July 19th I visited Friends at Croyden and attended the Friends' meetings there. At one of the meetings for working men a reformed

drunkard from London spoke. He was very sincere, spoke straight from the heart, but his language was the slang from the street. It was more like a page from one of Dickens' novels than anything which I have ever heard. It was rich and effective, but inimitable.

A week later I visited some of the meetings in Birmingham, and met many interesting Friends there. Among these were the wealthy cocoa manufacturer, George Cadbury, and his wife. They are among the most earnest philanthropists in England. The story of the help extended by them every year to the weak and unfortunate is a long and noble one.

On the afternoon of the 25th an expedition was made with three congenial friends to the birthplace of George Fox, at Drayton-in-the-Clay, about twenty miles from Birmingham. It is a beautiful country—much more beautiful than I had supposed. The site of the house in which George Fox was born is now a luxuriant wheat field. We saw the church of the parish in which he was reared, and in the porch of which he was afterward once knocked down, a neighboring church the rector of which advised him to "smoke tobacco and sing psalms," and a "Grange" where late in life he was entertained, and in the summer-house of which he wrote a part of his

Journal. It was a privilege to visit these historic spots, and be able by means of them to obtain a more vivid impression of this brave reformer, who saw so deeply into the heart of Christian truth.

On July 29th I met at St. Leonard's, near Hastings, C. and the others whom I had left in Paris. St. Leonard's is a pleasant town lying on the English Channel, and we prepared to take a little rest there.

At St. Leonard's we were but seven miles from the battlefield on which, in 1066 A.D., William the Conqueror defeated Harold, the last of the Saxon kings. Of course we made a pilgrimage one day to this historic site. An abbey was afterward built on the spot where Harold fell, called Battle Abbey. An English residence now occupies the place, but some fine ruins of the Abbey still survive to render the site interesting and picturesque. The battlefield lies in the midst of a gently-rolling country, which contains many of the best features of English landscapes.

On the evening of August 4th J. and I went up to London, where he remained to investigate some medical matters. The next day I went on to Liverpool to complete the arrangements for our homeward voyage, and to transfer to the

The Staubbach, Lauterbrunnen.

Woodbrooke.

ship for Boston our luggage, which had been sent around from Jaffa by water.

The railway service between London and Liverpool is in point of speed superior to most of the railway service in America. My train covered the two hundred and two miles in less than four hours, running at one time one hundred and fifty-three and a half miles without a stop.

The next day I returned to Woodbrooke, near Birmingham, to deliver a course of lectures at the Friends' Summer School. Traveling this time over the Midland Railway, via Manchester and Derby, a new country was traversed. This region is hilly and presents much more variety in landscape views than is common in England. I greatly enjoyed its beauty.

The week at Woodbrooke afforded opportunity for pleasant converse with many congenial spirits, and was much appreciated. C. joined me at Woodbrooke on the afternoon of the 10th, and on the 12th we journeyed to Liverpool and embarked on this ship for home. The ship is large and steady—a vessel of 10,400 tons burden. The other night, when the wind blew fifty-five miles an hour, she did not roll half as much as some of the little Mediterranean ships do in a fair-weather breeze.

Our fellow passengers are mostly college people and teachers—a very congenial company.

We are due in Boston in three days. As we shall revert now to the uninteresting condition of settled, non-nomadic people I will discontinue these letters. I cannot conclude, however, without expressing our profound sense of thankfulness that we have been able to go so far, do so much—indeed, nearly everything which we had planned—and return home without harm or serious illness. When we reach home we shall have traveled more than 16,000 miles in seventeen different countries, employed almost every conceivable kind of a conveyance except a balloon, we shall have passed through cholera and bubonic plague, not to mention other perils, and have been well through all. We are profoundly thankful!

Due Aug. 27, 1928

May 10, 05